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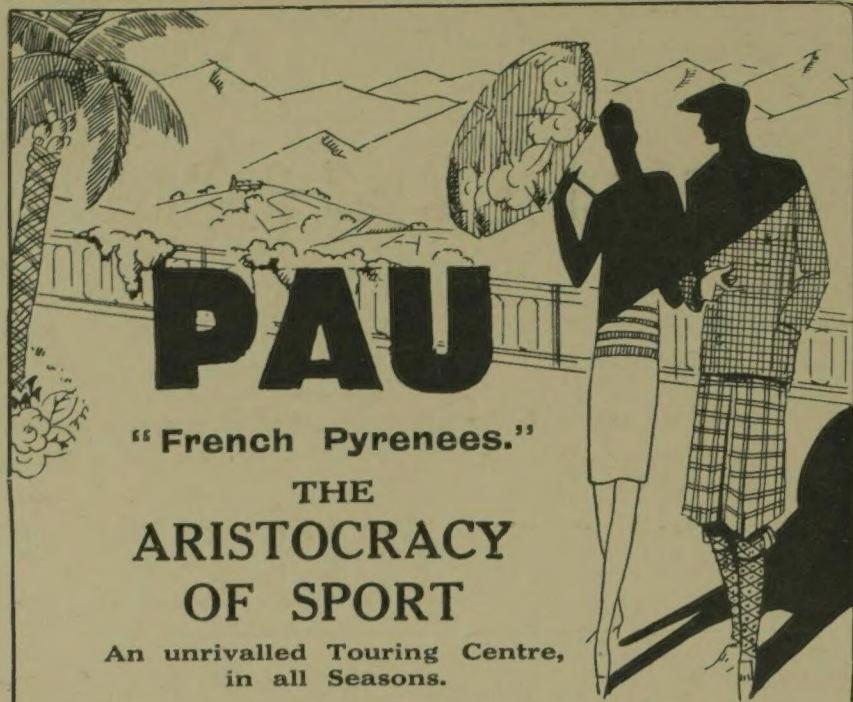
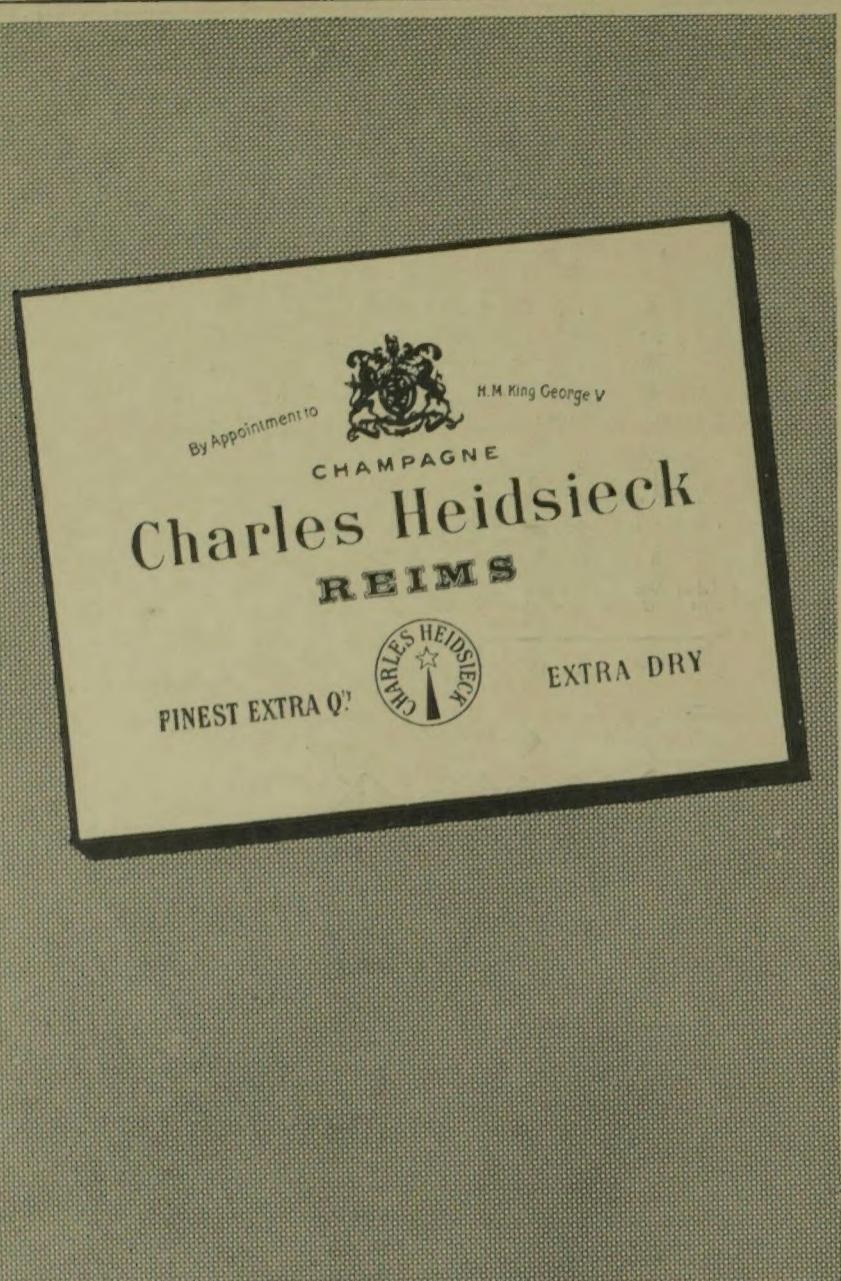
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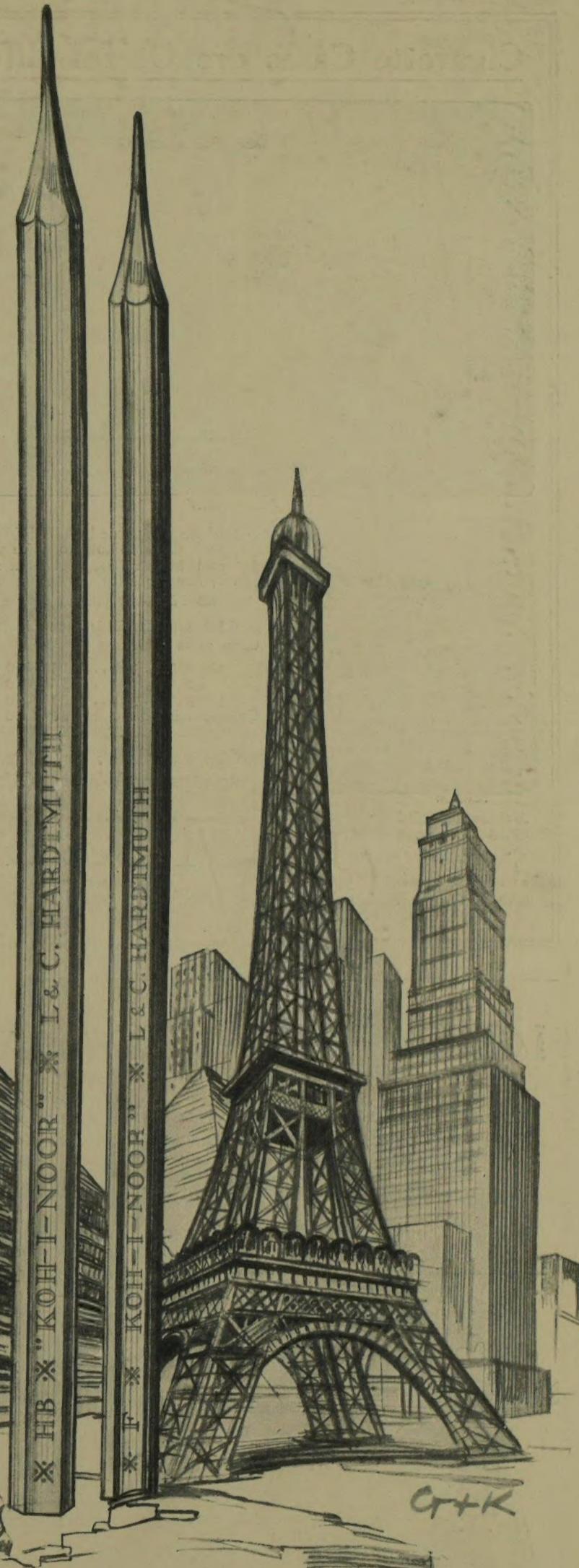
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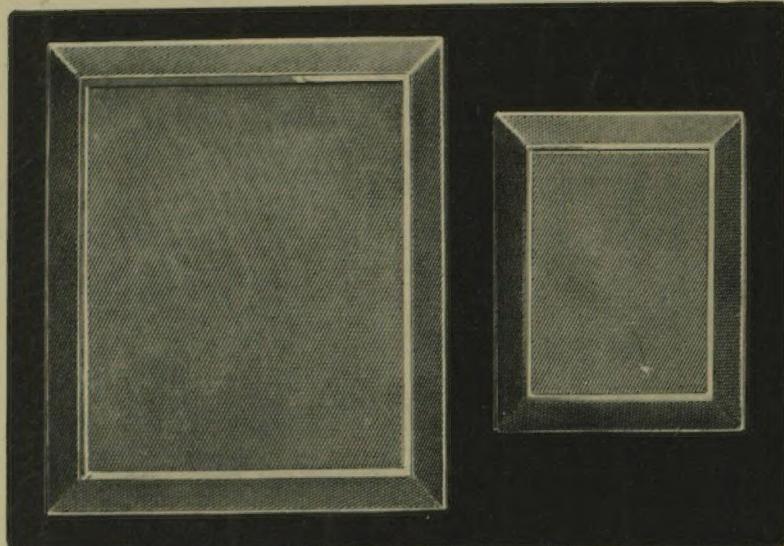
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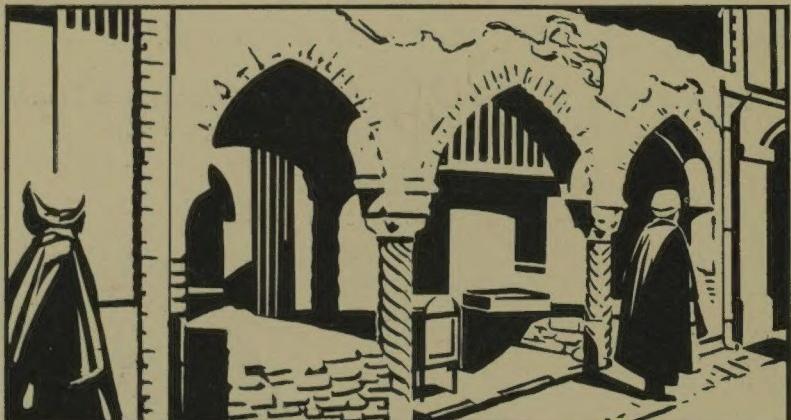
## A Great Love Story HOMECOMING (Carl and Anna) by LEONHARD FRANK (3/6 net.)

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The FILM and PLAY will shortly be seen in London, and a Film Edition of the book will also be published, illustrated with 'Stills' from the Film.

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1929.

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## THE PASSING OF A "WORLD VICTOR": MARSHAL FOCH LYING IN STATE AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

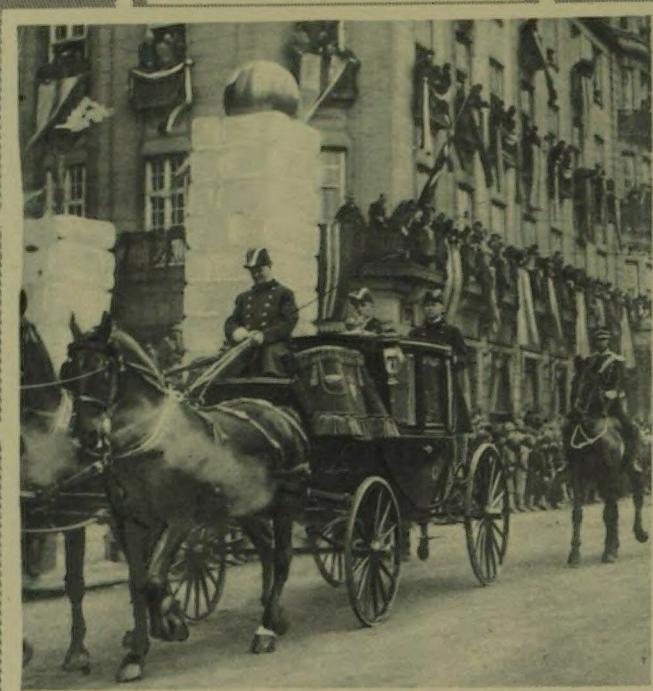
Early on March 24 the body of Marshal Foch was removed from his house in Paris to the Arc de Triomphe, to lie in state beside the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The coffin, draped in the French tricolour, was placed upon a gun-carriage under the centre of the Arch, and across the flag were laid the late Marshal's cloak, képi, and sword, with his pennon at the head. During the day it was calculated that some 400,000 people filed past the coffin to offer

their tribute of respect to the great leader. Various organisations shared the honour of mounting guard, including a detachment from the British Legion. At 6.30 p.m. Marshals Joffre, Pétain, Lyautey, and Franchet d'Espérey came to salute the coffin, and Marshal Joffre rekindled the flame on the Unknown Soldier's grave. At 11 p.m. the coffin was removed to Notre Dame. Further illustrations of the funeral ceremonies appear on other pages in this number.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING AT OSLO : SCENES AND PARTICIPANTS.



THE BRIDE, PRINCESS MARTHA OF SWEDEN (FACING CAMERA), GREETED BY THE DUCHESS OF YORK ON ARRIVAL IN OSLO.



SHOWING TWO OF THE ICE PILLARS, CAPPED BY GOLDEN DOMES, ERECTED ALL ALONG OSLO'S MAIN THOROUGHFARE: THE BRIDAL COACH AFTER THE WEDDING.

## A NEW BOND OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN NORWAY & SWEDEN.



THE BRIDEGROOM WELCOMES HIS BRIDE ON HER ARRIVAL IN OSLO: CROWN PRINCE OLAF AND PRINCESS MARTHA.



A BALCONY SCENE AT THE PALACE AFTER THE WEDDING: THE CROWN PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE (WHO THREW DOWN FLOWERS) WAVING THEIR ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO A VAST CROWD BELOW.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WITH THE BRIDESMAIDS, BEST MAN, AND PAGES.  
Seated in the centre is the bride, Princess Martha. Standing (from left to right) are the four Norwegian bridesmaids—Misses Elisabeth Broch, Harriet Wedel-Jarlsberg, Irmelin Nansen, and Ragnild Fearnley—the bridegroom (Prince Olaf), the Duke of York (best man), and the four Swedish bridesmaids—Princess Ingrid of Sweden, and Misses Carleson, Elsa Steuch, and Ekelund. In front are the pages, Princes George and Flemming, sons of the bride's sister, Princess Axel of Denmark.



THE BRIDAL PAIR IN A GROUP WITH THEIR PARENTS AND OTHER RELATIVES.  
Seated in front (from left to right, beginning with the second figure) are the Duchess of Västergötland (the bride's mother), Princess Martha (the bride), Prince Olaf (the bridegroom), Queen Maud of Norway (his mother), the Crown Princess of Sweden, and the Duchess of York. In the front row standing (second to fifth from left) are the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Duke of York, Princess Ingrid, and King Haakon of Norway (the bridegroom's father). Fourth from right is the Duke of Västergötland, the bride's father.



THE BRIDE'S HAPPY SMILE AFTER HER WEDDING: THE NEW CROWN PRINCESS OF NORWAY, BESIDE HER HUSBAND IN THE STATE COACH, WAVING TO THE CROWD.

As noted under the photograph of the ceremony in the Church of Our Saviour at Oslo on another page of this number, Prince Olaf, the Crown Prince of Norway, and Princess Martha of Sweden, were married there on March 21, in the presence of many royal relatives, prominent among whom were the Duke and Duchess of York, representing King George and Queen Mary. The Duke was the bridegroom's best man. Of the eight bridesmaids (named above) four were Norwegian and four Swedish. Portraits of them all appeared in our last issue. The bride's train, which was four yards long, was supported by her two little nephews. We may

recall that her younger sister, Princess Astrid, is the wife of the Duke of Brabant, Crown Prince of Belgium. Prince Olaf is the only child of King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway. His mother, of course, is a sister of our King George. The wedding aroused immense enthusiasm. After their return to the Palace, in a State coach with a cavalry escort, the pair appeared on the balcony, and the new Crown Princess threw flowers to the crowd. A remarkable feature of the street decorations was an arcade of tall pillars of ice, capped with golden domes, erected at twelve-yard intervals throughout the mile-long Carl Johan's Gate.

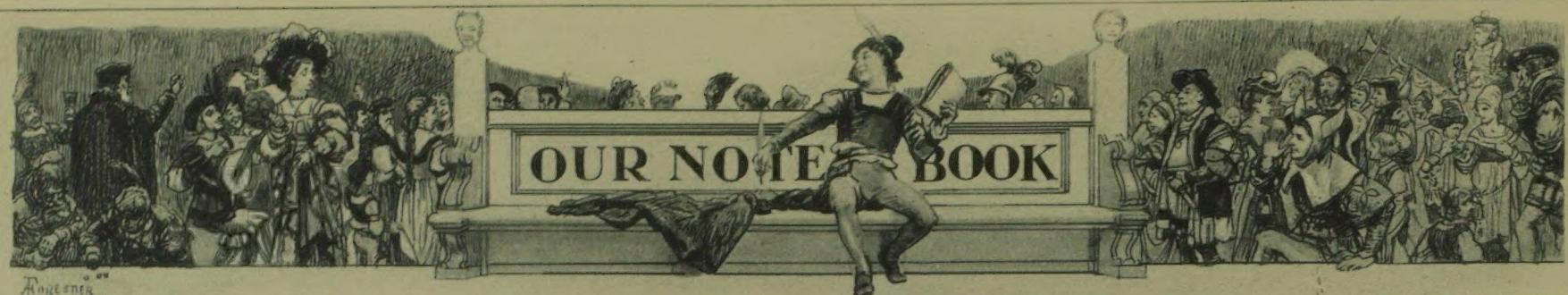
## THE FIRST ROYAL WEDDING EVER BROADCAST: THE OSLO CEREMONY.



THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE OLAF, CROWN PRINCE OF NORWAY, AND PRINCESS MARTHA OF SWEDEN,  
IN THE CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR AT OSLO—THE BRIDAL PAIR AT THE ALTAR.

The marriage of Prince Olaf, the Crown Prince of Norway, and Princess Martha, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Västergötland and niece of the King of Sweden, was celebrated in the Church of Our Saviour at Oslo (formerly known as Christiania) on March 21, before a great gathering of royal guests and other notabilities. The Duke and Duchess of York represented the King and Queen, and the Duke acted as "best man" to the bridegroom, who, of course is his first cousin. The Bishop of Oslo, Dr. Johan Lunde, who officiated, delivered

an address to the bridal couple, and afterwards performed the marriage ceremony. In our photograph the Duke of York is seen standing immediately to the left of the bride. The ceremony was broadcast from Oslo and relayed to various stations in Scandinavia and Germany. In this country the B.B.C. obtained it from the Danish station at Kalundborg and relayed it through Daventry. It was the first time in history that a royal wedding has been broadcast. Except for some interruptions by Morse signals from ships, the results were a success.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

**M**R. HARVEY WICKHAM, the American critic, is witty even in the titles of his books; and he seems to me, on the whole, to be not only witty, but wise. He criticised the new sect of materialists who call themselves Behaviourists in a book called "The Misbehaviourists"; and he has recently criticised the novelists who profess to be realists rebelling against mere Puritan restraints under the equally compact title of "The Impuritans." He is himself in no sense one of the Puritans. He says sturdily that he is not ashamed of his Puritan ancestors; but I am afraid that some of his Puritan ancestors would have been rather ashamed of him. They would have deplored his talent for joking; they would have especially deplored his talent for joking about them. But there is something handsome about the gesture with which he opens the book; devoting a whole chapter to poking fun at the Puritans, and picking holes in them till there seems to be nothing left but a hole; and then saying that they were jolly fine fellows and he is proud of them. And, indeed, I think he might well be proud of the Puritans, when he has thus to contrast them with the Impuritans.

It is curious to compare this American reaction against realism with some of the recent English reactions against it. For the American and English journalists, as figures on the popular stage, here seem rather to have changed places. I am sorry to say it, but it is the English journalist who now often displays what were called the vices and vulgarities of the American journalists. It is the English journalist who tries to fight the new novels and notions with nothing but sob-stuff and sentimental sensations and a vague alternative of Uplift. And it is the American critic, at least in the case of Mr. Harvey Wickham, who really fights such notions with better notions; who fights false ideas with true ideas; who fights sophistry with philosophy; who fights rationalism with reason.

I have criticised some aspects of America in my time, even in this paper, and even been rebuked for it in other papers, including American papers. I need not say that I was generally rebuked for the dreadful things that I did not say. I cannot retract what I did not say; and it is not in the least my intention to retract what I did say. But I do feel that the fact of having said it lays on me an obligation of testifying to anything equally true on the other side. And I think that at this moment a great deal of the truth is on the other side—even on the other side of the Atlantic. I do think there is a considerable movement of American culture just now, from which we might really have something to learn; only that our commercial journalism is bent on learning the worst from American newspapers instead of the best from American books. The Gospel of the Go-getter is beginning to be boomed in England at precisely the moment when it is beginning to be criticised in America; and just when Babbitt the Bright Salesman is for the first time being made fun of there, he is for the first time being taken seriously here. It is entirely the business of the Americans themselves when they choose to begin to laugh at something; but it is perfectly deplorable that Englishmen should ever leave off laughing.

Thus, few of us who talk about Babbitt know that in America there are two Babbits. They are the opposite of each other in every possible respect;

even to the extent of one being real and the other mythical. The imaginary Babbitt is realistic. The real Babbitt is idealistic. He is Professor Irving Babbitt, the leader of a movement which he calls Humanism; an appeal to the culture that can be found in tradition, not unlike that once preached by Matthew Arnold. It is extraordinarily funny that he should have the same name as Mr. Sinclair Lewis's unheroic hero; unless indeed Mr. Sinclair Lewis did

Puritan; indeed, it is in many places just the sort of attack that would have been made by the wiser sort of Pagan. It is amusing that many of our modern anarchists delight in calling themselves Pagans. They would by no means delight in the experience of being subject to Lycurgus or Cato the Censor. They would not even enjoy submitting to bear the load of dignity belonging to a Roman matron or a Roman senator or soldier. If they really experienced the awful weight of the old Pagan sense of the State, they would cry aloud for the liberty of being Christians. But there are many particular passages in which the American critic is a Christian rather than a Censor Morum. Nothing could be more penetrating, nothing could be more true, nothing (in short) could be more unlike our own maudlin rants about immoral fiction, than the passage in which Mr. Harvey Wickham points out that Proust does not really understand the end of his own characters or the moral of his own story. Mr. Wickham goes direct to a deep reality when he says that in the last resort the exaggeration of sex becomes sexlessness. It becomes something that is much worse than mere anarchy, something that can truly be described as *malice*; a war, not against the restraints required by virtue, but against virtue itself. The old moral theology called it *malice*; and there will be no future for the modern psychology until it again studies the old moral theology. Sex is the bait and not the hook; but in that last extreme of evil the man likes the hook and not the bait.

Now, the trouble with nearly all modern discussions of these moral questions is not so much that they are immoral as that they are inconsistent. They lose themselves in a labyrinth of evil without having a map of the maze; and yet they go on saying that everything is good, even while they are actually exaggerating everything that is bad. The newspapers are always asking novelists to act as moralists. For some reason I do not understand, they always ask for articles about the religion or philosophy of novelists, and not of chemists or dentists or any other sort of specialists. As a rule, the good novelist makes a very bad moralist. But that is not what strikes me as peculiar in this case. What I think so odd is that he is generally a pessimist as a novelist and an optimist as a moralist. His stories are full of people doing unpardonable things, and his articles are empty of everything, except a vague suggestion that the unpardonable things had better be pardoned. But it never occurs to him to consider the nature of pardon, or the way in which pardon itself implies sin and spiritual responsibility. In the most worldly sort of fiction the world is made out worse and worse; certainly much worse than it is. If any unworldly person mildly attempted to defend the world, he would certainly be called a sentimental and an idealist. But if he were to venture to say that, if the world is really like that, it must be a pretty bad look-out for it, he would once again be reviled as a Puritan and a kill-joy. The Modern Thinker is to look at the world through jaundiced-yellow spectacles when he is writing realistic fiction, and then to look at the world through rose-coloured spectacles when he is writing the Modern Morality or the New Religion. I would venture to suggest that we should smash both sorts of spectacles and look at the real spectacle of the world—but including the spiritual world.



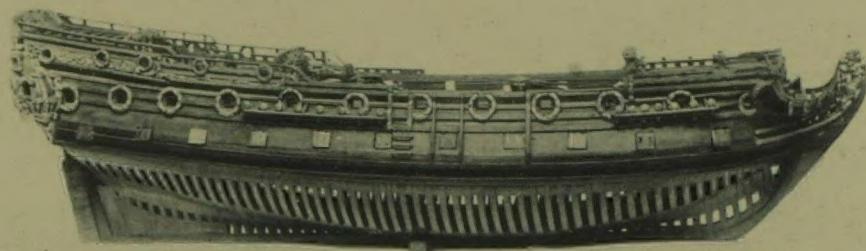
A "BIRTHDAY" PORTRAIT OF A RULER WHO IS VISITING ENGLAND THIS YEAR:

H.M. KING FUAD OF EGYPT—A NEW PICTURE BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO.

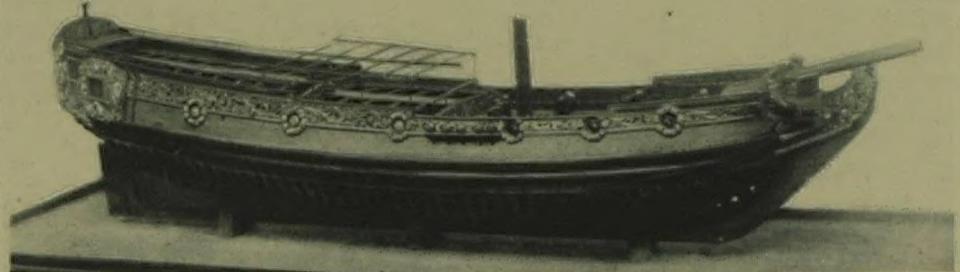
H.M. Fuad I., King of Egypt, G.C.B., celebrated his birthday on March 26. He was born in 1868, son of the Khedive Ismail Pasha. He is to make an extensive European tour this year, and will be here for Cowes Week, afterwards going to Scotland for the shooting. We reproduce one of the four portraits of his Majesty which Mr. de Laszlo painted in Cairo this winter. The same artist also painted a portrait of the heir to the Egyptian throne, Prince Farouk. All the pictures will be exhibited in London in May.

it for fun. But I merely mention Professor Babbitt and Humanism here as one of many examples of the truth I mean—that America now contains a considerable amount of revolt against Americanism. There is a very striking spirit in criticism, especially self-criticism. I am not sure that we are grappling with the present evils of England as well as some of these critics are now grappling with the special evils of America.

The attack on the literature called Impuritan is all the better because it is not merely made by a

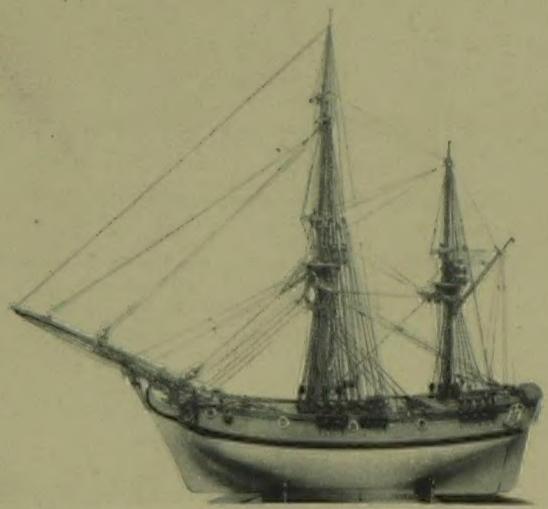


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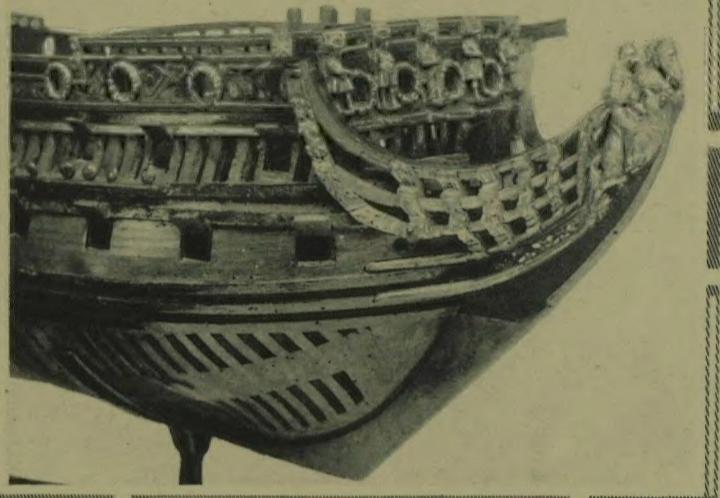


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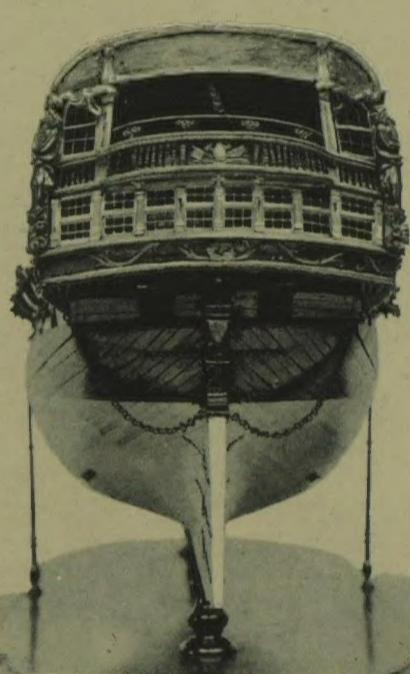
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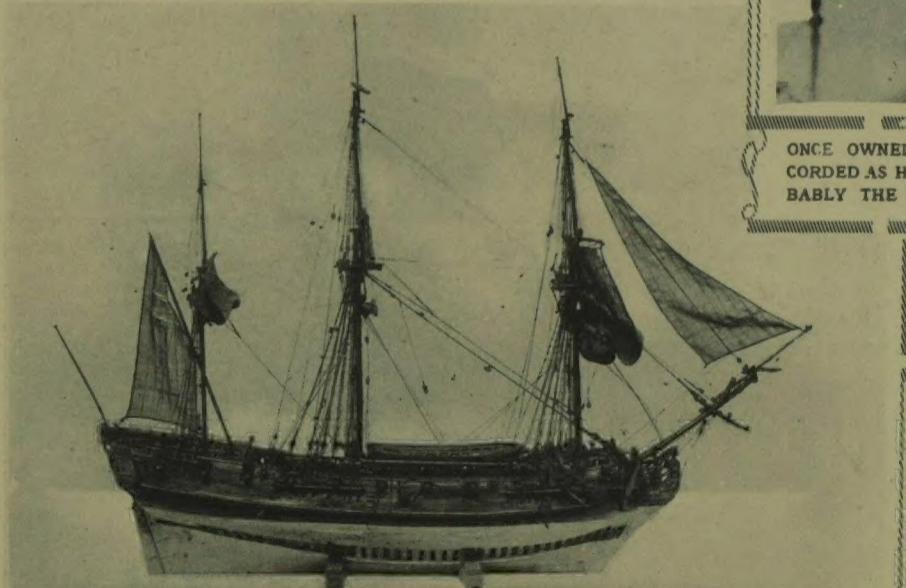
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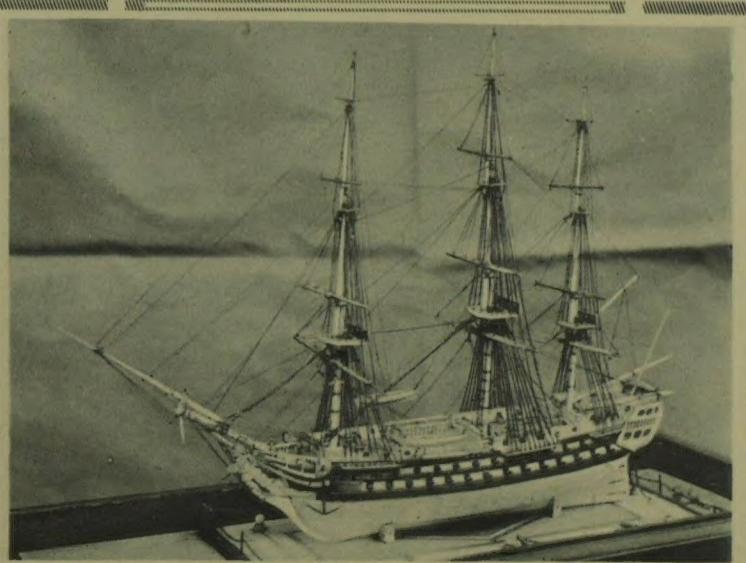
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A MODEL BELIEVED TO REPRESENT THE "CHEVAL MARIN," A 60-GUN FRENCH SHIP (C. 1700) SUNK BY THE ENGLISH. (3 FT. 2 IN.)



A MODEL OF H.M.S. "TARTAR" (BUILT AT DEPTFORD IN 1734) ARMED WITH 22 BRASS GUNS: ONE OF THE FEW RIGGED MODELS OF THIS PERIOD IN ENGLAND, WITH THE OLD LATEEN YARD, AND LONGBOAT ON BOOMS. (1 FT. 8 IN. LONG.)



THE FINEST OF SOME BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLES BUILT IN BONE: A MODEL OF THE FRENCH SHIP "TÉMÉRAIRE," BUILT AT TOULON IN 1749, AND CAPTURED BY ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN IN 1759.

The finest collection of old ship-models, that in the Nautical Training Ship "Mercury," at Hamble, Southampton, is to be sold to provide an endowment fund for the establishment, and is in danger of being lost to this country if money is not forthcoming within three months to secure it as a national possession. The amount mentioned as required for endowment purposes is £30,000. The necessary sum could be raised at once by accepting offers from America, but the Trustees are reluctant to allow such a treasure to go abroad. The Prince of Wales has expressed the hope that the collection will be bought for the nation, or at any rate remain in England and not be dispersed. This unique collection was formed by the founder of the "Mercury," Captain Hoare, and comprises over 100 models representing 2½ centuries of naval construction, as well as merchantmen. We illustrate the chief "gems," belonging to the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. In those days a ship was regarded as a thing of beauty,

and lavish care was spent on carving, gilding, and decoration. As their work was destined to be destroyed or spoilt in war, shipbuilders made a miniature replica of each ship completed, to preserve a memorial of their art. Communications from those interested in the effort to save the collection should be addressed to Mrs. C. B. Fry, T.S. "Mercury," Hamble, Hants.

**A WOMAN'S GRAND NATIONAL.  
A "100 TO 1" CHANCE AS WINNER.**

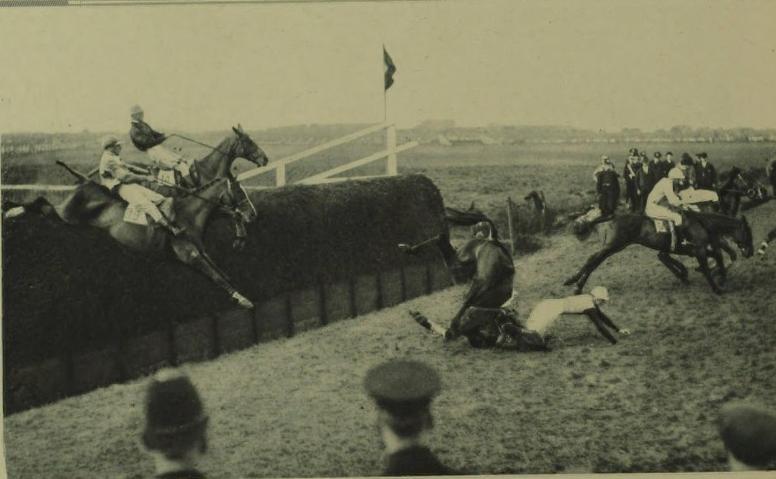


IN TROUBLE: TWO OF THE SIXTY-SIX RUNNERS MEET DISASTER AT THE BACK OF THE OPEN DITCH.



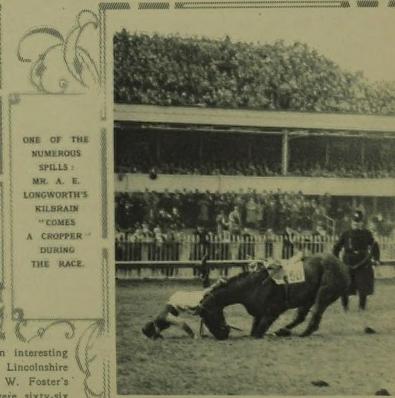
A RESULT OF REPUSALS: RIDERS DITCHED AND STRANDED DURING THE GREAT RACE.

A SIGHT ONLY TOO USUAL IN THE GREATEST STEEPECHASE IN THE WORLD! A FALL AT BECHER'S BROW DURING THE GRAND NATIONAL OF 1929, IN WHICH THERE WAS A RECORD FIELD OF SIXTY-SIX RUNNERS WHICH DWARDED TO TEN.



CLEAN JUMPING AND A SPILL: GREGALACH (LEFT) TAKING BECHER'S BROW IN GOOD STYLE, AND ANOTHER RUNNER FALLING.

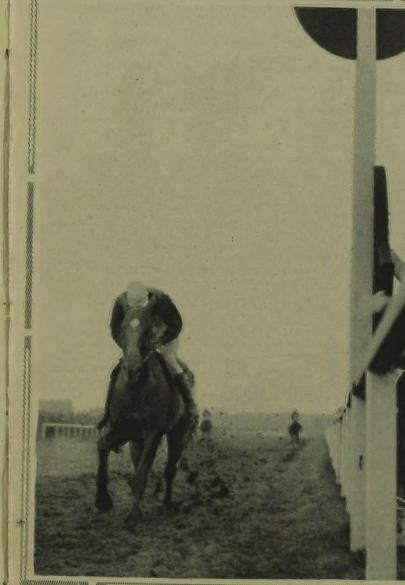
The Grand National Steeplechase, run on March 22, resulted in the setting-up of an interesting record: for it was won by a woman's horse that was a "100-to-1" chance, just as the Lincolnshire Handicap had been won on the preceding Wednesday by a woman's horse—Mrs. R. W. Foster's Elton—also a "100-to-1" chance. It was further notable from the fact that there were sixty-six runners, a record field for the event. In this connection, it may be added that only ten of the



ONE OF THE NUMEROUS SPILLS: MR. A. E. LONGWORTH'S KILBRAIN "COMES A CROPPER" DURING THE RACE.



THE RECORD FIELD FOR THIS YEAR'S GRAND NATIONAL: THE SIXTY-SIX STARTERS IN A SINGLE LINE IN THE GREAT STEEPECHASE, IN WHICH ONLY TEN RUNNERS COMPLETED THE COURSE—THREE OF THEM AFTER HAVING BEEN REMOUNTED.



GREGALACH, THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL, RETURNING TO SCALE: R. EVERETT (A FORMER NAVAL OFFICER) UP—AND ITS OWNER, MRS. M. A. GEMMELL, IN ATTENDANCE.

A WOMAN'S HORSE AND A "100 TO 1" CHANCE WINS THE GRAND NATIONAL; JUST AS A WOMAN'S HORSE AND A "100 TO 1" CHANCE WON THE LINCOLNSHIRE: MRS. M. A. GEMMELL'S GREGALACH FINISHING

horses that started completed the course, and that three of these had been remounted after falling. The winner, Mrs. M. A. Gemmell's seven-year-old gelding Gregalach, won by six lengths from Easter Hero, with Richmond II, a poor third. The event was broadcast. R. Everett, the jockey, is a Londoner who was an officer in the Navy until 1921, when he began to interest himself in the Turf in Australia and in South Africa. He rode as an amateur until a few months ago. The winner was trained by T. Leader, whose brother, H. Leader, trained the Lincolnshire winner.

# THE NEGRITO "ORANG-UTAN": FOREST MEN.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

**"AMONG THE FOREST DWARFS OF MALAYA."** By PAUL SCHEBESTA.\*

(PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINSON AND CO.)

ONCE upon a time, when the world was more credulous than it is now, there lived a man so small that, if Athenaëos is to be believed, no one could see him! The negrito Semang of Malaya is not as tiny as the lilliputian poet, but he can claim an affinity: he is so difficult to meet that he might well be invisible! To be more prosaic, he is so elusive, so wary of the *gob*, the stranger—probably



DWELLERS IN THE BAMBOO AGE! SEMANG WITH THE LONG BLOWPIPES FROM WHICH THEY PUFF POISONED DARTS.

Reproductions from "Among the Forest Dwarfs of Malaya," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

because he is exploited by the Malay paying out doles of rice—that he is only visited with difficulty, after the exercise of much diplomacy, and as a sequel to arduous travel through tangled growth and by treacherous waterway.

The Orang-Utan, the explorer prefers to call him; the Forest Man, as opposed to the Orang-Kampong, the Village Man. He has reason.

These children of the forest are shy, silent, and meditative. One admires the greatness of nature on the sea or in the mountains; in the primeval forest she is overwhelming. In the forest one is merely nothing; you can see scarcely five yards away from you and are hemmed in as by living prison walls which now rustle in the soughing wind, now roar and scream as the tornado seizes and rends the crests of the monstrous trees; these are moments of terror for the Orang-Utan. Cowering he sits, terrified and trembling before the wrath of the deity who raves in thunder and storm above his head. In his soul's need, the diminutive denizen of the forest seizes his bamboo knife, thinking with the blood he draws from his legs to propitiate the angry god and appease his rage, the god who hurls the thunderbolt, smashing down the trees and slaying men. Then, again, in a moment, the awful silence, the peace of the forest is restored, throwing him back into that deep solitude which enters his very heart, saying: 'You are all alone in this twilight forest; do not speak, for there is no one to hear; do not call out, lest he who reigns over nature should know where you are.' The forest has made the Semang what he is, the silent, timid, reflective primitive man.... The forest assures him peace of soul, of which the stranger with his trumpery civilisation will rob him. He does not seek earthly comfort; rather, a thousand times rather, will he lead his frugal forest life in undisturbed peace of heart than exchange it for the cares and disturbing possessions of civilisation. The Semang is no slave, but a child of the forest, to which he is grateful and which he honours with a deep respect."

"Primitive man"—of course. He is "clothed" in little save the fire that warms him, is in the gathering stage of the Bamboo Age, a rooter-up and a plucker rather than a hunter, one who has no use for stone, and is aware of iron only because bush-knives and rattan-splitters have been traded with him. Indeed, it may be said that, in at least one particular, he has retrogressed: his ancestral weapon was the bow, but the blowpipe has replaced it, thanks to the Sakai. In which connection it should be chronicled that the Semang is not a fighter. He has neither shield nor armour, for they would be valueless to him.

His active enemies are not of his own kind. He has to face the wrath of Karei when he sins; the land leech that infests the paths, the marauding elephant, the springing tiger and the terrible black wasps; hunger and thirst and tempest; and, most especially, thunder, flood, and the storm that is a David to the Goliaths of the jungle. And there are laws to be heeded, racial and tribal; *tahus* to be observed; medicine men to be feed. That, surely, is enough.

The blowpipe, with its upas-poisoned needle-darts, is for the use of the food-seeker who is tired of the vegetable life. A very interesting weapon, this, and, need it be said, of bamboo; two reeds—the actual tube and a protector. "The poison is most effective when it is fresh, for with age it gradually loses potency. An animal the size of a monkey, hit by a fresh-poisoned dart, falls from the tree within two minutes.... Birds are more difficult to shoot, as they continue to fly for a time after being hit, and generally cannot be found. Moreover, the effect of the poison is slower in the case of birds.... Pa Loa... said a hen could not be killed with *ipoh* poison because it ate earth. For the same reason many other birds, he said, could not be brought down. The eating of earth is, according to the belief of the Jahai, an antidote against *ipoh*."

So much for a moiety of fears. There are compensating hopes. The Semang is conscious of a life to come. Said Keladi, singing a death-song: "The *kemunin* incense is burning in the grave. Thou art now departed. Thou art now in peace on the seashore, in the place

Thus a serenade for a soul that had passed out through the head of a beloved, a *Yurl* released to join the other *Yurls* in the pleasant place in which all *Yurls* foregather to carry on their terrestrial ways in celestial conditions; a *Yurl* to be dreaded when it returns by night. "The *Yurl* come back to fetch their own people to the beyond; the man his wife, the brother his sister. But as the Semang, too, sets store by his life, however miserable it may be, he tries to save himself from his pursuer by flight. After a burial the encampment is at once changed, if possible to the other side of a stream. It appears that a *Yurl* cannot cross water."

And so water is more powerful than the *hala*, the medicine-man, although he has the right to enter the kingdom of the dead and, more, dwell up in the *Mapi* tree, which bears green flowers on the one side and yellow on the other; the while the lesser souls abide at the foot of the trunk. More potent in that



ORANG-UTANS—OTHERWISE, FOREST MEN—with THE AUTHOR: MR. PAUL SCHEBESTA WITH A GROUP OF SEMANG—DWELLERS OF THE JAHAI TRIBE OF THE PERGAU.

case: there are, however, occasions on which the "doctor" is the superior, for he it is who owns the *chebuch* stone in which those good spirits the *chenoi* have their being. "By breathing on the stone, the *hala* can do with it what he will. In this stone the *hala* also sees all diseases. When the sick man appeals to him, the *hala* looks into the stone, names the ailment from which the patient is suffering, and immediately prescribes the medicine. In the stone he can see the tiger lurking near the camp, and he then warns the people. He carries the stone hidden against his breast. When he strikes his breast with the side of his fist the stone appears." Quite conjuror-like this, in obedience to precedent!

All of which, concerning hope, is to the good—if only of the *hala*! And maybe he adds to his income by a trade in love philtres—and in fungus. "The men frequently wear round their heads a plaited band, or a single black band bound round the wrist, while the women wear them round their bodies. They are called *temtobn*. They are made of a kind of fungus, which the Malays call *urat batu*. These bands have a magic purpose, protecting the wearer from illnesses which come from rain during sunshine. Rain during sunshine is rather dangerous, and at such times the Semang either does not go out or wears the *temtobn* as protection."

There I must desert the particular, leaving the reader to seek it himself in Mr. Schebesta's most illuminating book and assuring him that, whether the author be dealing with Tonga, of the Siamese area of Patalung-Trang, who live separated from the main family of negritos, which has its home in Malaya itself; with the Kensi, the Kenta, including the Kenta Bogn, the Jaha, the Menri, or groups divided from the chief stock, he is equally informative and entertaining, telling of ways and means, legends and religious system, birth, marriage, death, the after-life in which the spirits eat the shadow of things, and all else that goes to the mental and physical "make-up" of his little people.

And, turning to the general, let me quote the ethnologist on the Semang as a whole. "The Semang are true dwarf tribes, for their average height is in



GETTING POISON FOR HIS DARTS: A SEMANG TAPPING AN IPOH TREE FOR ITS DEADLY SAP.

of the setting sun, where no tigers are and no sickness and no suffering. Now thou windest red blossoms in thy hair, *tanyogn* blooms from the seashore. Oh, that no other may fall ill! Who would wish to make thee angry?"

## THE BIGGEST BROADSIDE: "SMOKE AND THUNDER" OF 16-INCH GUNS.



THE WORLD'S MOST TREMENDOUS BROADSIDE: THE THREE TRIPLE TURRETS OF 16-INCH GUNS FIRING FROM H.M.S. "RODNEY," ONE OF THE ONLY TWO SHIPS, AFLOAT AT PRESENT SO ARMED, THE OTHER BEING HER SISTER SHIP, "NELSON"—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE NAVAL EXERCISES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.



SHOWING THE THREE TRIPLE TURRETS (ONE SUPERIMPOSED), ALL PLACED TOGETHER FORWARD (TO LEFT OF CONTROL TOWER) IN ORDER TO REDUCE WEIGHT TO THE WASHINGTON TREATY LIMIT: A PORT SIDE VIEW OF THE NEW BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP "RODNEY" STEAMING ALONGSIDE THE "NELSON," NEAR GIBRALTAR.

Naval warfare has a grim beauty of its own which is well represented in these fine photographs, and those given on page 523, all taken during the Spring Exercises of the combined Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets, begun recently between Sardinia and Gibraltar. The sister ships, "Nelson" and "Rodney," the Navy's latest battle-ships, both form part of the Atlantic Fleet, and the "Nelson" is the flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand. Their special features were described by the Director of Naval Construction, Sir William Berry, in a paper he read on March 20 before the Institution of Naval Architects. They were the last battle-ships designed by his predecessor,

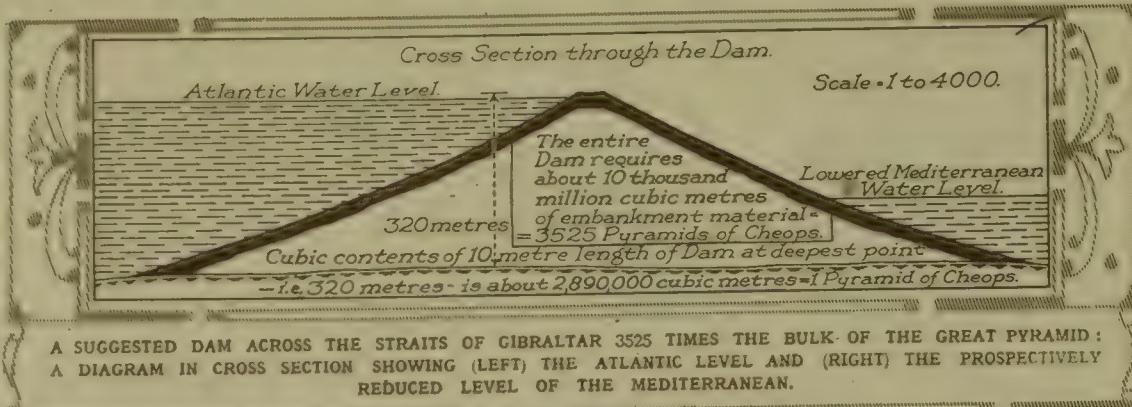
Sir Eustace Tennyson D'Eyncourt, and were constructed under the Washington Treaty, which limited their displacement to 35,000 tons and the calibre of their largest guns to 16 inches. This standard of gun calibre brought into the Navy a weapon of a size not previously used, necessitating new designs of guns and mountings. In order to comply with the restrictions of weight, special steel was employed for the hull, and aluminium alloys for fittings, while the big guns were all mounted forward in three triple turrets, one superimposed, thus reducing the armoured citadel to the smallest possible dimensions. There is deck protection against bombs from aircraft.

"Drowning over the Mediterranean to-day," writes Herr Hermann Sorgel, of Munich, "who would ever think of the Biblical Deluge, and how that gigantic crisis may have happened? About 50,000 years ago, the level of the Mediterranean was about 1000 metres lower than to-day, and more than half of its area was land. Europe, Africa, and Asia were no isolated continents. Then, in the last glacial period, when the ice-masses of the northern Atlantic melted more and more, the rising flood poured at last, near what is now Gibraltar, into the lower-lying inland seas, which rose and overflowed the land until the Mediterranean expanded to its present size. Could that natural development be reversed to a certain extent by modern technical means, in order to gain thereby new land and measurable energy? The Mediterranean is an

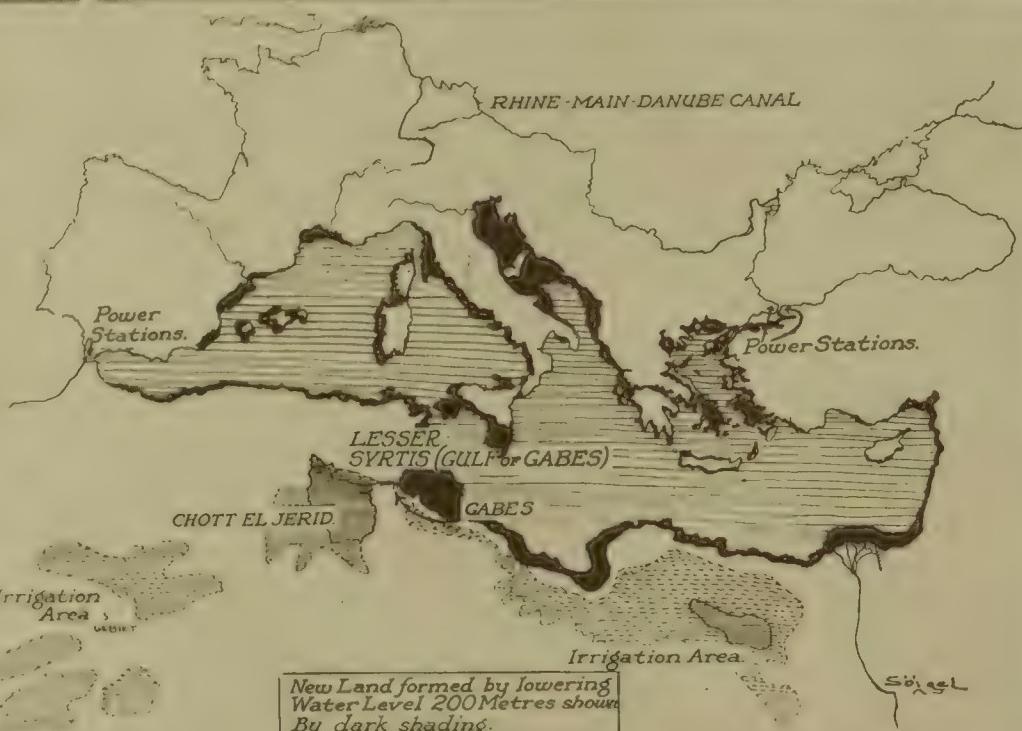
[Continued in Box 2.]

## HOW TO ENLARGE EUROPE AND AFRICA: LOWER THE MEDITERRANEAN!—A SCHEME FOR NEW LAND AND VAST WATER-POWER.

DRAWINGS AND DESCRIPTION BY HERMANN SORGEL.



A SUGGESTED DAM ACROSS THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR 3525 TIMES THE BULK OF THE GREAT PYRAMID: A DIAGRAM IN CROSS SECTION SHOWING (LEFT) THE ATLANTIC LEVEL AND (RIGHT) THE PROSPECTIVELY REDUCED LEVEL OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.



NEW LAND (SHOWN IN BLACK) EQUAL IN AREA TO ITALY, THAT WOULD BE RECLAIMED FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN BY REDUCING ITS LEVEL: A MAP SHOWING ALSO PROPOSED IRRIGATION AREAS IN NORTH AFRICA.

evaporating sea; that is, its level would lower itself 165 centimetres each year if there were no steady supply from outside. The evaporation amounts to 4144 km<sup>3</sup> a year, while the Atlantic alone annually supplies 2762 km<sup>3</sup>, and the Black Sea, 152 km<sup>3</sup>. This current, amounting to 92,418 cbm. per second, might be stopped by dams at Gibraltar and the Bosphorus, which would provide enormous water-power. The narrowest passage at the Bosphorus is 600 metres wide, and at Gibraltar 1400 metres. My idea is to lower the surface of the Mediterranean by closing these two passages, and thus obtain new land, and, by the difference of level, water-power vast enough to irrigate the Sahara. How could this project be carried out by engineering? The most difficult and costly operations would doubtless be at Gibraltar. The blocking of the Straits of Gibraltar would be the crux of the problem. The dam would be constructed, not at the narrowest, but at the shallowest part of the Straits, between the Bay of

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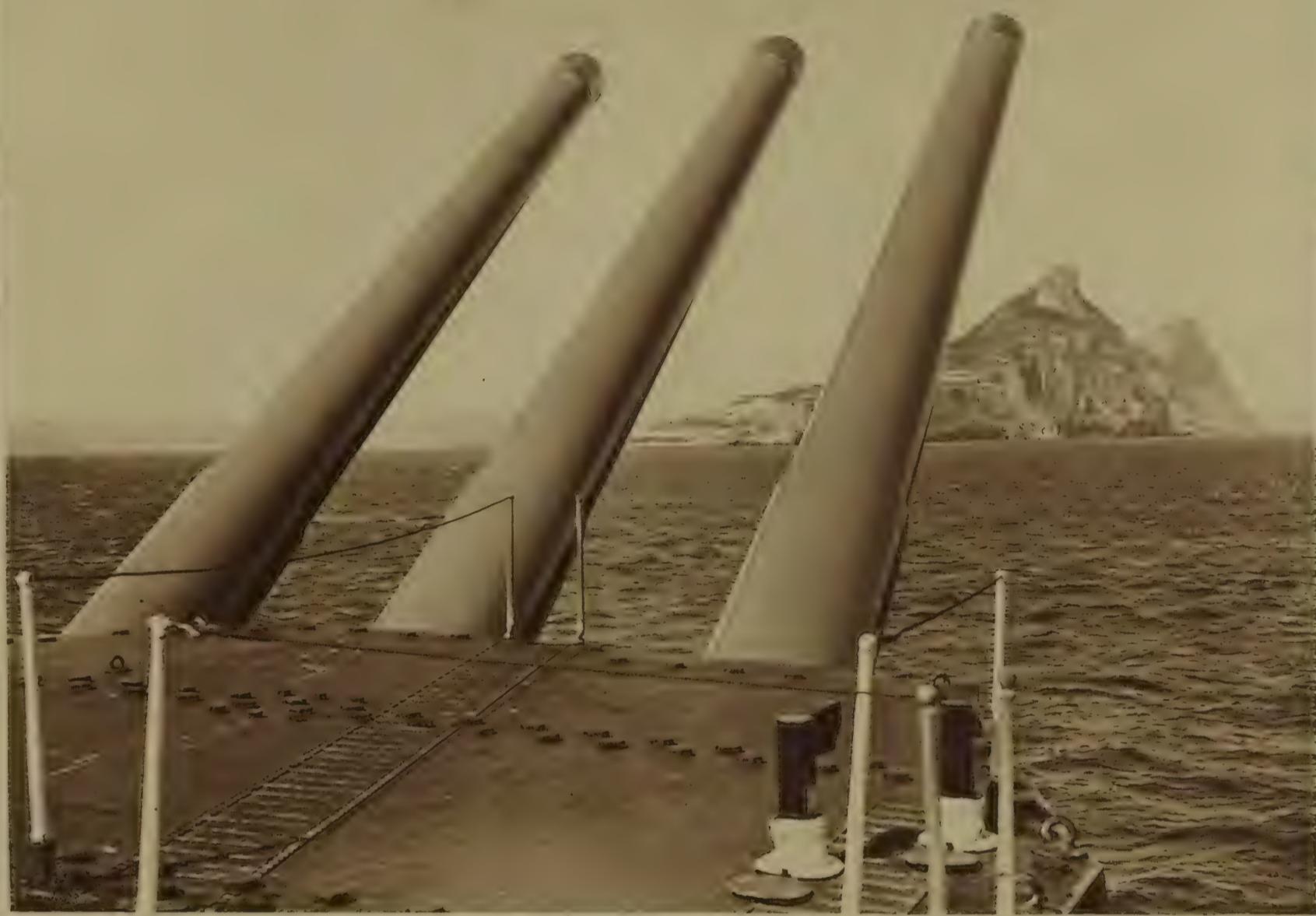


*Continued.*

Tangier and the Cabezos cliffs. Here the greatest depth in the middle is 320 metres. About 10,000,000,000 cubic metres of material would be necessary to build a dam 50 metres wide at the top. To prevent its being swept away, the material would have to be sunk in large portions at once, and perhaps in huge pontoons, which would be dragged into position partly loaded. The material could be provided by excavating canals leading to the power works. By concentrating all the convicts of the whole world in Morocco, cheap labour could be obtained! The course of the work would be somewhat as follows. After completely blocking the Mediterranean at Gibraltar, Constantinople, and the Suez Canal, power works, locks, and sluices would be built, and then a short canal dug near Gabes (in Tunisia) to the Chott el Jerid lake, 29 metres below. Using this lake (which has an area of about 200 square miles) as a reservoir, the Mediterranean water would be pumped into distributing canals, and, after extracting the salt, could be used to cultivate large parts of Northern Africa until the level of the sea had fallen about 25 metres. The power-works at Gibraltar could then be set in motion,

and other suitable parts of the Sahara could be cultivated. By lowering the sea level 200 metres, a land bridge would arise between Italy and Tunis: Europe and Africa would be united! The emerging new land would be especially valuable because, instead of the rocky shores of to-day, the Mediterranean would be bordered by rich and fertile soil which could be profitably cultivated by means of the enormous electrical power. The world's attention to-day is attracted to the Mediterranean by three matters: (1) The proposed tunnel below the Straits of Gibraltar—a valuable preparatory work to our project; (2) The irrigation of the lower Nile area towards the Siwa Oasis, 70 metres below sea level; (3) New railways from Morocco to the Niger and Congo already being built. The time is not far distant when enterprise will not have to seek for capital, but when, on the contrary, the world's capital, immensely increased and concentrated, must look for an adequate field of operation. Modern engineering shows the way. Human energy may venture to-day on the highest technical tasks."

## IN THE YET "UNDRAINED" MEDITERRANEAN: "WAR" OFF GIBRALTAR.



THE PICTURESQUE GRANDEUR OF MODERN NAVAL ARMAMENT: ONE OF THE "NELSON'S" TRIPLE TURRETS OF HUGE 16-INCH GUNS POINTING TOWARDS GIBRALTAR—AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH FOR COMPARISON WITH THE MEDITERRANEAN DRAINAGE PROJECT ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE.

If the ingenious but somewhat expensive scheme (described on the opposite page) for lowering the level of the Mediterranean in order to expose new land and irrigate the Sahara, were ever to be carried into effect, it would, among other things, interfere slightly with the activities of the British Navy. In any case, it is interesting to compare the above photographs, showing the yet undrained Mediterranean as the scene of British Naval Exercises, with the illustrations of the colossal project which would, incidentally, close the Straits of Gibraltar. The recent manœuvres of the combined Mediterranean and Atlantic Fleets took place between Gibraltar and Sardinia, and were divided into

[Continued opposite.]



TWIN BATTLE-SHIPS OF THE BRITISH NAVY: THE "RODNEY" (IN BACKGROUND) FOLLOWING THE "NELSON" IN LINE ASTERN DURING NAVAL EXERCISES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

*Continued.]*  
two phases. The first—from March 16 to 18—was a strategical exercise in which "Red" (the Mediterranean Fleet) defended lines of sea communication against "Blue" (the Atlantic Fleet, including the new battle-ships "Nelson" and "Rodney"). The second phase—from March 23 to 25—consisted of a series of tactical manœuvres, "battles," and attacks by submarines and destroyers. All the work was done under war conditions. The total force engaged included 12 battleships, 3 battle-cruisers, 12 cruisers, 11 submarines, and 56 flotilla leaders and destroyers, and the crews of the combined Fleets numbered in all some 34,000 officers and men.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HOLIDAYS, I imagine, were originally "holy days," and we owe to the Church our periodical respites from toil. I remember once suggesting this view to a fervent infidel girding against Easter observances, and he was, for the moment, slightly nonplussed. In the literary world, at any rate, there seems to be no neglect of religious festivals. The other day I saw a publisher's list headed "Easter Gifts"—a form of presentation hitherto limited mainly to chocolate eggs. In time, no doubt, we shall receive delicate hints about Whitsuntide gifts, Epiphany gifts, Ascension Day gifts, and so on; and then will come the various Saints' days; indeed, there has already been some tentative recrudescence of the Feast of St. Valentine. On St. George's Day, of course, the shop windows will teem with miniature dragons, mingled, perhaps, with busts of Shakespeare, whose birthday happens to coincide. It is not for me, however, to curb the zeal of pious publishers, and I am open to receive as many Easter gifts as people like to send me.

In selecting an Easter gift, the donor will naturally consider, as at Christmas, the tastes of the recipient. Nowadays, for example, everybody is a motorist. I am one myself, though not an owner-driver, my favourite perch being a forty-seater town "runabout," generally painted a brilliant vermilion. For less "exalted" enthusiasts, contented to career about rural England with a smaller complement of passengers, there could be no more delightful or appropriate little gift-book than "CAR AND COUNTRY." Week-End Sign-Posts to the Open Road. By John Prioleau (*alias* "Imshi"). With numerous Drawings by John Garside (Dent; 5s.).

To readers of this paper Mr. Prioleau needs no introduction, seeing that he discourses to them each week on motoring matters and the merits of different cars. In this book he is concerned, not with technicalities, but with the glory of the home landscape and the joys of the countryside. He has ranged all over England and Wales, and he takes us to countless remote places with alluring names, such as Nether Wallop, Blubberhouses, and Pingry Tump. The only county I miss is Cornwall, but perhaps he thinks it worthy of a separate volume. He travels in the happy-go-lucky spirit of Stevenson, and his dictum that "every motor-cruise in England should be . . . begun by chance, continued without plan, finished without intention," reminds me of R.L.S. on "Walking Tours"—"You should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you."

From one area of this ubiquitous motorist's activities—the eastern counties—come two other attractive books. Those who, like Mr. Prioleau, dislike "bungalowoid growths" and outcrops of modern villadom, will rejoice in "THE OLD COTTAGES AND FARM-HOUSES OF NORFOLK." By Claude J. W. Messent, A.R.I.B.A. With 112 pen-and-ink illustrations by the Author. (Norwich: H. W. Hunt; 10s. net.) Norfolk, it seems, is peculiarly rich in examples of old-world rural architecture, and Mr. Messent deserves gratitude for putting their charm on record and endeavouring to stem the tide of vandalism. "Thatched roofs," for instance, "have been stripped, and corrugated iron put on the latter often painted a hideous red to imitate tiles. . . . This dreadful mutilation of old work is by no means confined to Norfolk, as the author has visited over thirty counties in England and Wales, and has seen the same thing going on practically everywhere." Besides describing houses and cottages, architecturally and historically, Mr. Messent gives one chapter to farm outbuildings and the fine old dovecotes in private parks, and another to old Georgian shop-fronts in villages and small country towns.

That the art of thatching is not extinct in those parts appears from another excellent topographical work of a more general character—"EAST ANGLIA." By Hugh Meredith. With twenty full-page Illustrations, and fifty pen-and-ink Sketches. (London: Robert Scott; Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Company; 7s. 6d.), a new volume in the Countryside Series. The author mentions that many Broadland churches are roofed with reed-thatch, and describes the methods of "that true artist," the Norfolk thatcher, "worth watching in this age of machines and mass-production." In the church at

Barton, by the way, are commemorated on the rood-screen two saints on whose "days," it will be easy to choose suitable presents—St. Zita, "patron saint of housekeepers" and St. Apollonia, "who would bring—with her pincers—relief to those suffering the pangs of toothache." Mr. Meredith devotes an interesting chapter to Constable's country, and there are incidental memories of other East Anglian worthies, including Crabbe and Gainsborough.

Of Norfolk's most famous house, the old Rectory at Burnham Thorpe, where Nelson was born, nothing is now left, but the church pulpit is made of wood from the *Victory*. We are reminded here how Nelson "drifted haphazard" into the Navy, to relieve the family finances, with the aid of an uncle in the Service who wrote encouragingly: "What has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he above all the rest should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action a cannon-ball may knock off his head and provide for him at once."

What sort of a time Nelson had as a midshipman may be inferred from the reminiscences of a contemporary—"THE LIFE OF A SEA OFFICER." Jeffrey Baron de

hat; he then removed his eye-glass, through which he had been looking at me all the while, touched his hat, and went to the other side." Lord Mount-Edgcumbe afterwards sent Napoleon a haunch of venison from his Plymouth estate.

A modern parallel to Napoleon's downfall and this naval scene at Plymouth—the Kaiser's flight and the surrender of his Navy—is described by the commander of the American battle-ships that co-operated with the British Grand Fleet during the war, in "YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL." By Hugh Rodman, Rear-Admiral, United States Navy. Illustrated (Martin Hopkinson; 18s.). "The last scene of the great drama," he writes, "came, not as we had all expected, in the smoke and thunder of a great sea battle, but in the ignominious surrender of the entire German fleet without firing a gun. No more complete naval victory was ever won." On the personal side, the Admiral gives a pen-sketch of "Bill Hohenzollern," as he calls him, that is far from flattering to the fugitive War Lord.

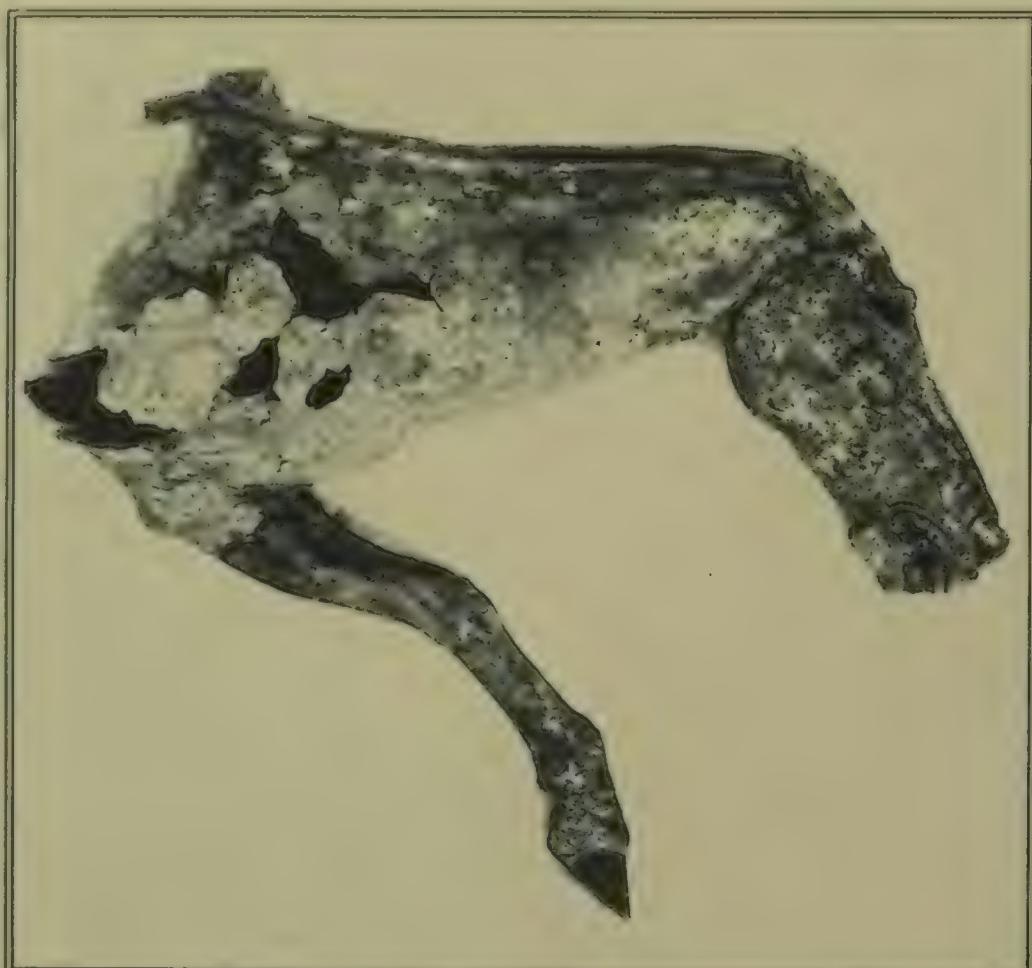
Admiral Rodman's memories of fifty years in the American Navy, the earliest of them spent in old wooden sailing-ships, are told with a breezy humour that is highly entertaining. The book includes his experiences in the Spanish-American War and the battle of Manila Bay. British readers will rejoice especially in the kindly feeling evinced towards this country. Speaking of his work with the Grand Fleet, he says: "Our friendship ripened into a fellowship and comradeship which, in turn, became a brotherhood, if not in reality a national kinship, and one which I hope and trust may last throughout enduring ages between our respective nations." On one occasion we obtain a delightful glimpse of the King, during a visit to the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow, shovelling coal into the furnace of an American battleship.

Mention of the old "wooden walls" in which Admiral Rodman began his career brings me to a book concerning two famous survivors from the Age of Sail on the mercantile side of seafaring, namely, "FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS." The Story of the Last Clipper Ship Race around Cape Horn. By A. J. Villiers. Profusely illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author. With an Introduction by Frank C. Bowen (Geoffrey Bles; 25s.). The race in question was that which took place last year, from Australia to England, between the two four-masted barques *Herzogin Cecilie* and *Beatrice*, the former winning by eighteen days. It was not, in fact, the "last" race in the sense of finality, as these same ships, which subsequently returned to Australia, are even now engaged in a renewal of the contest, being somewhere on the high seas bound once more for England; and this time, I believe, there is also a third competitor, the *Lawhill*.

The author, a newspaper man with sailing experience, shipped aboard the *Herzogin Cecilie* as an A.B., and took his part in the strenuous work of a very limited crew. His literary skill has enabled him to describe vividly many things which the ordinary sailor takes for granted, such as the dangerous work up aloft during a gale, and many other details of life aboard ship which seldom find their way into print. Not the least interesting part of the book is the story of the girl stowaway, of whom many inaccurate reports were published at the time. Another noteworthy incident was the chance mid-ocean meeting with another sailing-ship, the *C. B. Pedersen*, and the consequent hospitalities. Stacks of books were exchanged between the two ships. The description of the beautiful little models of old-time clippers made by the ship's carpenter of the *Pedersen* will make collectors prick up their ears. "He had been a year making each, he said. They must have been almost priceless."

Two other seafaring books well worth reading, of which I hope to say more anon, are "JOHN CAMERON'S ODYSSEY." Transcribed by Andrew Farrell. With Drawings by Charles Kuhn (Macmillan; 18s.); and "THE DIARY OF A RUM-RUNNER." By Alastair Moray. With sixteen Illustrations (Philip Allan and Co.; 10s. 6d.). In choosing this last book as an Easter gift, of course, discrimination must be exercised. It might not appeal, for instance, to Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson.

C. E. B.



A HELLENISTIC BRONZE HORSE FOUND IN COMPANY WITH "THE JOCKEY" ILLUSTRATED  
OPPOSITE: THE HEAD AND FORELEG RECOVERED FROM THE SEA AT CAPE ARTEMISION.

Raigersfeld, Rear-Admiral of the Red. With Introduction and Notes by L. G. Carr Laughton, and eight half-tone Plates (Cassell; 10s. 6d.). Admiral Raigersfeld was the son of an Austrian Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, who settled in England in 1756. Though his own career was not highly distinguished, he had many interesting experiences afloat and ashore in many parts of the world, including a spell of imprisonment in France and an adventurous escape. His book, which is claimed to be a pioneer among naval autobiographies, gives a vivid picture of life in the Navy during the Napoleonic Wars. He did not come in touch with Nelson, apparently, but he served under Collingwood, to whose character he pays a warm tribute, and in 1793 he was a midshipman in the *Victory* off Toulon.

Admiral Raigersfeld was a good deal of an artist, and between 1798 and 1811 he exhibited five pictures at the Academy. One of his sea-pieces forms the frontispiece of the book. But his most memorable feat in art was to sketch Napoleon, after his surrender, on the deck of the *Bellerophon* at Plymouth. "Napoleon," he writes, "presented himself daily to the multitude that surrounded the *Bellerophon* in boats, first on one gangway, and then on the other, and in so doing he regularly touched his hat on coming and going. . . . I went in my boat, taking Lord Mount-Edgcumbe with me, an old acquaintance, and was fortunate to be not more than thirty feet from the ship's side when he came to the gangway. I immediately began my sketch, and he was so good as to remain while I did it; after which, standing up, I took off my

## BRONZES PRESERVED BY SEA-SHELLS!

"THE JOCKEY" AND A SUPERB "ZEUS."



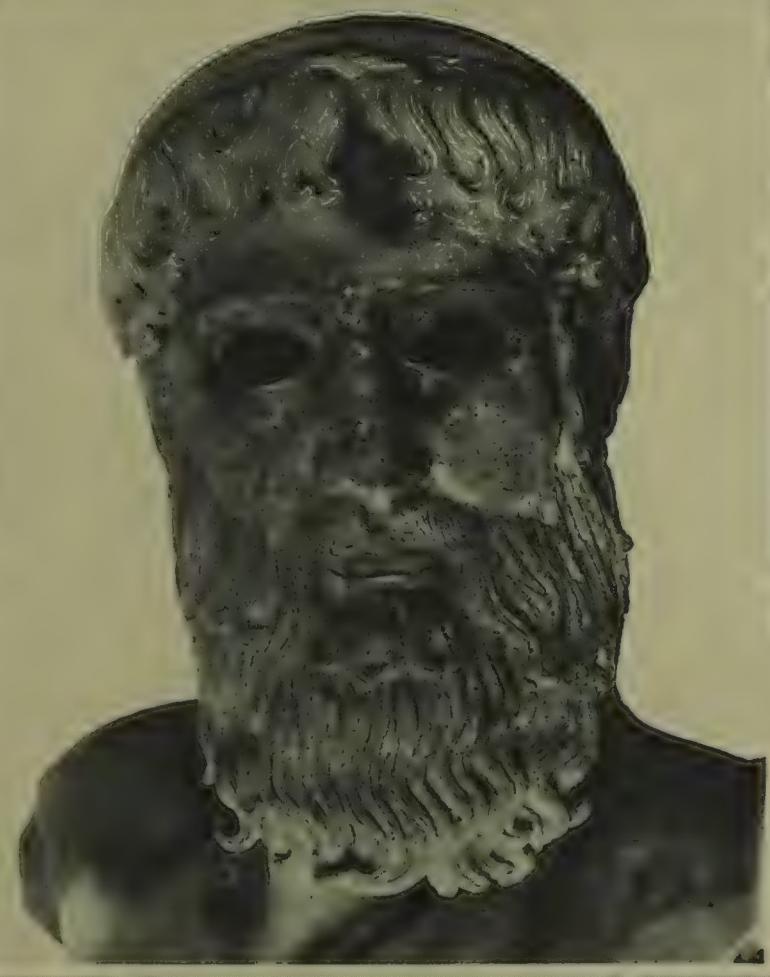
CALLED "THE JOCKEY": A BRONZE STATUE OF A BOY, WITH A WHIP-HANDLE IN HIS LEFT HAND, WHICH WAS RECOVERED FROM THE SEA IN COMPANY WITH THE HEAD AND FORELEG OF A HORSE. (HELLENISTIC PERIOD).



"THE JOCKEY": THE HEAD OF THE STATUE OF A BOY WHICH WAS FISHED UP AT ARTEMISION AND SHOWS A RIDER WHO MAY HAVE BEEN A FOREIGNER ("PROBABLY A BARBARIAN SLAVE"), FOR THE PORTRAYAL OF ALIENS WAS POPULAR.



THE MAGNIFICENT BRONZE HEAD OF THE "ZEUS" (AT FIRST THOUGHT TO BE A "POSEIDON") THAT WAS RECOVERED FROM THE SEA, AND HAS SINCE BEEN SOAKED IN WATER FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE SHELLS THAT ENCRUSTED IT—AND PRESERVED IT. (MIDDLE OF FIFTH CENTURY B.C.)



THE BRONZE "ZEUS" AFTER IT HAD BEEN SOAKED IN WATER, TO FREE IT FROM INCROSTATIONS: THE HEAD IN THE FULLNESS OF ITS GLORY—THE EYES REPRESENTED BY CAVITIES WHICH MUST HAVE BEEN FILLED WITH PRECIOUS COLOURED METALS SIMULATING THE IRIS AND PUPIL.

In our issue of October 13, 1928, we reproduced a photograph of what was then described as likely to be a bronze "Poseidon," a Greek statue recovered from the sea at Artemision, near Zerochorion, in Eubœa; and in our issue of the following December 15 we illustrated the discovery at the same spot of a bronze statue of a boy and of the head and foreleg of a horse. At the same time we recorded the first "clue" to these treasures: the netting of bronze hands. Investigation is now held to have proved that the "Poseidon" is in reality a "Zeus" throwing a thunderbolt. This statue, which is 8 feet high, dates from the middle of the fifth

century B.C. The horse and the statue of the boy, which is now called "the jockey," are of much later date. They belong to the Hellenistic period, when, as Dr. Doro Levi puts it, "the portrayal of foreign types was very popular." He continues: "Our little 'jockey' seems to be an alien, probably a barbarian slave. In the left hand he holds the handle of a whip." Dr. Levi adds, of the "Zeus": "The light encrustation of shells over the surface of the bronze served to preserve rather than to damage it, and the statue only required soaking in pure water for a few months, to bring back the original glow."

# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## "NOAH'S ARK."

**W**ARNER BROTHERS' ambitious picture, "Noah's Ark," complete with sound-effects, has arrived at the Piccadilly Theatre, after a good deal of preliminary boozing. The producers, with Michael Curtiz as director, have made a gallant attempt to cover a vast canvas. The pity is that half of it would have been big enough and would have left them less trammelled. At present they are weighed down in the first portion of their "epic" by a weak war-story, which is made to run parallel with the incidents of the Flood. The analogy between the Great Deluge and the Great War is continually insisted on, with the result that in the opening scenes we are switched to and fro from the pagan worship of the Golden Calf and riotous living in the ancient City of Rephaim to a modern stock exchange, in a whirl of present-day profligacy and pleasure-seeking.

Skilfully directed as these scenes are, the analogy is often cumbersome, and the *mélange* of modern and ancient tends to be distracting. Anon we settle down to the modern war-romance, dealing with the love-story of an American for a German girl, whom he saved from a wrecked express-train on its way to Constantinople. They live together in war-time, mark you, in Paris, unquestioned and unmolested, though Marie is German. To be sure, she speaks "perfect English," according to her lover—a remark which, after Dolores Costello had just uttered one of her rare sentences audibly in purest American, evoked a shout of laughter. The story is pictorially developed along familiar lines, and its few divergent facts are not altogether credible. Its brace of heroes, one of whom is killed, are rather disconcertingly sentimental; nor does Mr. George O'Brien, in the part of the stalwart lover, shirk any of its tears or its grimaces.

Not until we have reached the Armistice and Marie's highly melodramatic escape from a spy's death, are we permitted to get back to the story of the Ark and to the exuberant pageantry of wicked King Nephilim's court. Here the production reaches its high-tide, not only in the flooding waters that wipe out the sinful city, but also in the masses of humanity that seethe and swarm between the mighty pillars of the palace. It is all amazingly lavish, but

the making of this film. Noah Beery, Dolores Costello, and George O'Brien battle bravely with the waves: the first-named to find the death which he (or, rather, the character he represented) deserved; the latter twain to emerge triumphantly within the shelter of the Ark.

The famous entry into the Ark of all the animals is a little disappointing, in that we do not see them,



THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE HIPPODROME: MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH AS HUGGINS AND MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY AS SUSIE SNOW.

as we all surely see them in our mind's eye, walking up to their refuge demurely two by two. We do, however, behold a promising trek through the adjacent jungle of a nice assortment of beasts and birds, but by no means always in devoted couples. In short, "Noah's Ark" offers a great deal to the eye, much that is interesting, much that is stupendous, and here and there something that is beautiful. But at every point it seems to miss the small touch of inwardness, of human warmth and depth, that reveals the pulse of life behind the pageantry. The Vitaphone musical accompaniment is good, but the spoken dialogue is spasmodic. Just as well, perhaps, for there is only one voice worth listening to—Noah Beery's, who plays the Russian Nickoloff and the King Nephilim—nor would an American accent, however pleasant, have sounded convincing in the mouths of Father Noah and his family.

## "HOMECOMING," AT THE REGAL.

It is a curious revolution in the swiftly-moving wheel of the kinema world that brings a film of the nature of "Homecoming" to the Regal immediately after a series of typically American melodramas, two of which at least are frankly built up round the personalities and for the individual requirements of the two "stars." On the one hand, situations had been created to exploit to the maximum degree the gifts, both emotional and comic, of the artist; on the other, situations arose out of the natural development of a simple story, dramatic because the human conflict involved makes for drama, and emotional not because an artist is hard at work to draw your tears, but because the tragedy of it is poignant and the artists sink themselves entirely in

the characters they portray. The Gaumont film made in the Ufa studios by Erich Pommer and his director, Joe May, probes the depths of human weakness and strength, yet the producers allow the story, which I have outlined in an earlier issue, to unfold itself naturally without any straining after effect. Thus and thus only would these two men and this woman have acted, given their different natures. When the unhappy husband, released from the Siberian lead-mines whence his friend has already escaped, discovers that he, another Enoch Arden, has been supplanted in his wife's affections, his impulse of revenge is stayed by memories. His friend's devotion during their exile as prisoners of war, the bonds that existed between them, come back to his mind and break his resolution. He goes away, leaving the lovers to face the future together, at once too strong and too weak to disregard the voice of memory. And, as the character has been put before us, no other solution would have been possible. This rare and impressive fidelity to the truth, as Pommer sees it, makes itself felt throughout the picture, and it is this quality above all others which urges me to commend "Homecoming" to your notice once again. I should repeat, since I would not give the impression that this is a film of drab monotony, "Homecoming" has pictorial aspects that will satisfy the most critical eye. Pommer knows how to use his black and whites, as well as the value of composition. Indeed, he leans now and again towards the purely pictorial, but only in order to create the desired atmosphere. With the masterly interpretations of Lars Hanson and Gustav Fröhlich as the two men, with Dita Parlo as the attractive little woman in the case, here is a piece of work that was worth the making, as it is undoubtedly worth the seeing.

## IMITATIONS.

If imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, then, without a doubt, film-makers should speedily establish a mutual admiration society! In theatre-land a playwright on the eve of launching a new play, or with one on the stocks which carries his highest hopes, feels his heart sink at the merest suggestion of forestallment either in title or in theme. He goes to see his colleagues' plays with the constant



"THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL," AT THE HIPPODROME: MR. ERNEST TRUEX AS GERALD BROOKS.

rather reminiscent of a super-pantomime. The coming of the waters is, however, tremendously impressive in its wholesale destruction. Great cataracts sweep all before them, men and masonry, troops and trees. The rain augments the rising flood until, at long last, the Ark floats away from its rocky cradle, amidst a crowd of struggling, drowning wretches. Not only the supers, but the principals as well, must have had a "devilish damp" and nasty time of it during



"THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL," RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: MISS JEAN COLIN—A NEW LEADING LADY—AS PATRICIA BROWN.

fear of finding his "situations" or his climax, or even his "locale," repeated. And there is sufficient reason for his anxiety. Many a good play has been rejected, or at any rate held up for an indefinite period, because its author had unconsciously plagiarised from a drama already produced. No doubt there are certain stock-in-trade patterns that form the basis of endless plays, especially farcical ones.

(Continued on page 550)

## PHASES OF LINDBERGH'S GROUND-LOOP: A CLEVERLY CONTROLLED "CRASH."



APPROACHING THE GROUND IN HIS CRIPPLED PLANE: COL. LINDBERGH, WITH HIS FIANCÉE AS PASSENGER, DESCENDING AFTER HAVING EXHAUSTED HIS PETROL TO AVOID FIRE.



A MOMENT BEFORE CONTACT WITH THE EARTH: COL. LINDBERGH'S PLANE, WITH ONE LANDING-WHEEL LOST, ON THE POINT OF GROUNDING.



GOING INTO A GROUND-LOOP: THE SOMERSAULT OF THE PLANE CONTAINING COL. LINDBERGH AND MISS MORROW (WHOM HE HAD INSTRUCTED HOW TO PROTECT HERSELF WITH SEAT-CUSHIONS).

SETTLING DOWN IN A CLOUD OF DUST: THE FINAL PHASE OF THE MISHAP TO COL. LINDBERGH'S PLANE AT VALBUENA FIELD, MEXICO CITY.



AFTER THE GROUND-LOOP: THE MONOPLANE LYING UPSIDE DOWN ON THE GROUND—SHOWING ITS DAMAGED NOSE AND PROPELLER BLADES.



THE FAMOUS PILOT AND HIS FIANCÉE AFTER THEIR MISHAP: COL. LINDBERGH (INJURED IN WRIST AND SHOULDER) AND MISS ANNE MORROW (UNHURT) LEAVING THE AERODROME.

Colonel Charles Lindbergh, the famous Atlantic "lone-flight" airman, and his fiancée, Miss Anne Morrow, the only passenger in his monoplane, had a narrow escape on February 27, when they returned to Mexico City after a flight over the volcanoes of Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl. During the excursion, it was reported, Colonel Lindbergh made a landing and in doing so lost one wheel of the under-carriage. On arrival over Valbuena Field, Mexico City, while manœuvring for descent, he told Miss Morrow that they would probably overturn, and instructed her how to protect herself with seat cushions. Then, to avoid an explosion of

petrol, he flew to and fro until the fuel-tank was almost exhausted. Meanwhile he signalled to the ground crew the nature of the damage, so that they might help to prevent a crash. Despite his utmost skill, he could not keep the heavy four-passenger machine from going into a ground-loop, and on touching the ground it turned a somersault and came to rest upside down. Miss Morrow was unhurt, but Colonel Lindbergh's right shoulder was dislocated and his wrist injured. Nevertheless, next morning he made three short flights with Miss Morrow in a commercial aeroplane, which he controlled with one hand.

# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE FELINE DOUROUCOULI.

*By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

**O**N my next visit to the "Zoo," which I hope will not be long delayed, I am going to make a special point of seeing the Feline Douroucouli, or "South American Night-ape," which has just arrived there.



FIG. 1. THE OLD-TIME ORGAN-GRINDER'S FAVOURITE: A CAPUCHIN—SHOWING THE LONG AND SLIGHTLY PREHENSILE TAIL.

In the Capuchins, near relations of the Douroucouli, the tail is of great length. In some species it is imperfectly prehensile; in others, completely so. But in these the under-surface of the tip is bare to afford the necessary sense of touch.

*Copyright Photographs by D. Seth-Smith.*

For it is many years since one of these most interesting animals was to be seen here, and I, for one, did not see it. No spirit of mere idle curiosity inspires this desire to see the latest addition of note to the Gardens. I shall go, of set purpose, to see "in the flesh" a creature known to me already by repute on account of its many peculiarities.

Why it should be called the "feline" douroucouli I cannot for the life of me understand, since, as the accompanying photograph (Fig. 3) will show, there is nothing cat-like about it in its shape, nor is there in its coloration. The latter is, indeed, beautiful. The thick, soft fur over the upper part of the body is grey, tinged with black, but the under-surface is of a deep orange-yellow. The face is marked by patches of black and white, but the outstanding feature of this face is furnished by the eyes, which almost match the colour of the flaming waistcoat, and, in point of size, are arresting. Finally, the tail is extremely long and thickly furred.

This coloration is doubtless closely related to the creature's mode of life, which, as indeed the great size of the eyes proclaims, is nocturnal. The naturalist Bates, during his exploration of the Upper Amazon, found this and another species—the three-banded douroucouli—living in the same forests. He tells us that "they sleep all day long in hollow trees, and come forth to prey on insects and eat fruits only in the night." One which he saw kept as a pet was "most amusingly tame," so much so that its owner—the Municipal Judge of Ega—allowed it to sleep with him at night in his hammock, and to nestle in his bosom half the day as he lay reading. One which Bates himself kept he describes as "very active at night, venting at frequent intervals a hoarse cry, like the suppressed barking of a dog, and scampering about the room . . . after cockroaches and spiders". Bates was evidently a philosopher, but he must have found his pet useful as well as entertaining!

The coloration of the eyes of nocturnal animals provides a theme well worthy of investigation, for it presents some very curious contrasts. In the douroucoulis, as I have remarked, it is yellow. In many of the owls, as, for example, in the long- and short-eared owls, it is of a wonderful golden-yellow. In the barn-owl it is of such an intensely dark hazel as to appear black. In the aye-aye and the potto and the loris, all nocturnal, primitive, lemurine types, distantly related to the douroucoulis, the iris is of a very dark brown. So far as the evidence goes, this coloration cannot be very directly related to the quality of the light passing through the eye, since in species both of birds and mammals which love the sun the eyes may be white, blue, golden or pale-yellow, crimson, or brown. Nevertheless, it can hardly be that this is a matter of no significance.

very long, and may serve as a balancing organ. In the kangaroo it serves as the third leg of a tripod when the animal is resting. In cattle it serves as a switch to keep off flies; but in the deer it is short. Why do the elephant and the wart-hog raise the tail vertically above the back when charging? Why does the rat have a long tail? This raises a very interesting side-light on this theme. For it is a fact that among some species of wild rats, in tropical countries, it is found that the tail increases in length as their habitat becomes more and more humid; that is to say, it increases as the humidity of the region in which they are found. Are we to regard these appendages, in some of the dwellers in tropical forests, at any rate, as comparable to hygrometers?

Let us return now to the tails of monkeys. In the capuchins (Fig. 1)—the favourite of the organ-grinder of olden days—the tail is very long, and slightly prehensile; and in one or two species it is perfectly so; but in such cases the under-surface of the tip is bare, as in the howlers and spider-monkeys. In some of the Old-World monkeys, like the langurs and the guenons, the tail is very long and slender, but it displays a tendency to grow shorter and shorter. In the baboons, as shown in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 2), it may be described as "moderately long," and is tufted at the end. Among the macaques it is fairly long and slender, but short in some; and in the Barbary ape it is reduced to a mere tubercle; while in the "man-like" apes—the chimpanzee, gorilla, and orang—it is absent altogether.

Did space permit, some most interesting features of the hands and feet and of the jaws of this douroucouli could have been described; but no more can now be done than contrast the short face and great eyes of this animal with the long, narrow face and tiny, evil-looking eyes of that most unattractive of all the monkeys, the Hamadryas baboon. The canine teeth of this animal are as formidable as those of the tiger—which is a gentle creature as compared with the baboon, and it has far more pleasing manners!



FIG. 2. WITH TUFTED TAIL AND ALMOST DOG-LIKE FACE: A HAMADRYAS BABOON.

In the Hamadryas Baboon the face is long and narrow, almost dog-like, while the eyes are small, and set under a prominent brow-ridge. The tail is long and tufted at the end. The sole of the foot is long and narrow, and the "big toe" is set midway down the sole, and is opposable to the rest.

Careful note will, it is to be hoped, be taken as to the use of the long tail which is such a conspicuous feature of this new arrival. For, according to some authorities, it is "slightly prehensile," while others state very definitely that it is *not* prehensile. It is only among the monkeys of the New World, it will be remembered, that the tail has developed a delicate sense of touch at its tip, thereby conferring grasping-powers of a high order, so that the tail can be used as a fifth hand; for the whole body can be suspended, head downwards, by curling the end of the tail round a branch. The spider-monkeys possess this power in the greatest perfection. And here the under-surface of the grasping area is hairless, the bare skin possessing as delicate a sense of touch as the finger-tips. In some of the South American monkeys which have long tails furred to the very tip, it can be curled round a branch for steady purposes, but it is never suspensory. Out of such a tail that of the spider-monkeys probably developed.

There is more in this matter of tails than meets the eye at first sight. In leaping animals it is generally



FIG. 3. AN INTERESTING NEWCOMER TO THE "ZOO": THE SO-CALLED "FELINE" DOUROUCOULI, A VERY UN-CATLIKE CREATURE.

The Feline Douroucouli, or South American Night-ape, is not often to be seen in captivity. The short face and the great size of the yellow eyes give it a remarkable appearance. The tail, though very long, is not prehensile, though it is so in its near relatives the spider monkeys.

## FAREWELL HOMAGE AT THE HOUSE OF MARSHAL FOCH: A KING, STATESMEN, AND FAMOUS BROTHERS-IN-ARMS.



THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE: SIR WILLIAM TYRRELL (RIGHT) WITH GENERAL WEYGAND.



AT THE LATE MARSHAL FOCH'S HOUSE:  
MARSHAL FRANCHET D'ESPEREY LEAVING.



THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO  
FRANCE: MR. MYRON T. HERRICK  
AT THE HOUSE.



THE COMMANDER OF THE U.S.  
FORCES IN THE WAR: GENERAL  
PERSHING ARRIVES.



M. CLEMENCEAU LEAVING: THE AGED EX-PREMIER WHO HAD ALWAYS UPHELD MARSHAL FOCH.



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS PAYS HIS RESPECTS: KING ALBERT LEAVING THE HOUSE.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: M. GASTON DOUMERGUE LEAVING THE HOUSE.



MARSHAL JOFFRE (WALKING WITH SUPPORT)  
ARRIVES TO HONOUR HIS COMRADE-IN-ARMS.



THE LATE MARSHAL FERNAND FOCH, FORMERLY GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIED ARMIES IN FRANCE: A RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT SOLDIER.



THE GREAT LEADER IN DEATH: THE BODY OF MARSHAL FOCH, CLAD IN HIS UNIFORM OF HORIZON-BLUE, AND SURROUNDED BY TALL CANDLES, LYING IN A CHAPELLE ARDENTE AT HIS HOUSE IN PARIS, BEFORE BEING CONVEYED TO THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.



When Marshal Foch died, at his Paris home in the Rue de Grenelles on the evening of March 20, his body was clothed in his uniform and covered with the flags of the Allies. Later, it was brought down to a lower room, arranged as a *chapelle ardente*, where it rested, guarded by officers, until its removal to the Arc de Triomphe on the 23rd. There was a continual stream of callers who came to pay their last respects. The British Ambassador, Sir William Tyrrell, immediately sent a message of condolence, in which he said that Marshal Foch (who was also a British Field-Marshal) would be mourned in Britain as a national hero. Afterwards Sir William visited Mme. Foch and brought a telegram from Sir Austen Chamberlain saying that the entire British nation mourned

the loss of a friend, comrade, and leader. The King of the Belgians came to Paris and expressed to Mme. Foch his gratitude to the great soldier who saved his kingdom. A few of the visitors were admitted to the room where he lay. Among them were President Doumergue and M. Clemenceau.

## THE FUNERAL OF MARSHAL FOCH: THE SOLEMN PROCESSION IN PARIS.



1



2



3

ON THE WAY FROM NOTRE DAME TO THE INVALIDES: (1) THE CORTEGE PASSING THE PALAIS ROYAL—(ON THE LEFT) THE GUN-CARRIAGE AND PALL-BEARERS; (2) THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE CHARLES OF BELGIUM (RIGHT); (3) MARSHAL FOCH'S OLD CHARGER, DIXMUDE, IN A BLACK COVERING SPANGLED WITH SILVER STARS.

Marshal Foch—in the words of our King, the "greatest soldier" of France—sleeps his last sleep beside Napoleon. On the morning of March 26 the funeral service was held in Notre Dame, and the coffin was then borne in procession to the Invalides, where, after M. Poincaré had pronounced an eloquent funeral oration, it was carried within and laid in the crypt opposite Napoleon's tomb. The gun-carriage bearing the coffin was preceded by the late Marshal's charger,

Dixmude, covered in black drapery spangled with silver stars. Behind the gun-carriage walked officers bearing the decorations. The pall-bearers included the Marshals of France, an Admiral, the Minister of War, Allied Marshals and Generals, a French ex-soldier, and the Secretary of the French Academy. Marshal Joffre was unable to take his place among the pall-bearers, owing to a twisted knee-cap. The mourners were headed by the family of Marshal Foch, followed by President

[Continued opposite.]

**THE GREATEST SOLDIER OF FRANCE  
BORNE TO REST BESIDE NAPOLEON.**



1



2



3

**BRITAIN'S PART IN THE TRIBUTE TO MARSHAL FOCH :** (1) THE COFFIN ON A GUN-CARRIAGE, WITH LORD PLUMER (TO RIGHT, IN FRONT), FOLLOWED BY GENERAL PERSHING, AMONG THE PALL-BEARERS ; (2) PIPERS AND A DETACHMENT OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH (THE FIRST TERRITORIALS TO GO INTO ACTION) ; (3) DISTINGUISHED REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BRITISH FIGHTING SERVICES (NAMED BELOW).

*Continued.*

Doumérue and the representatives of foreign States. Then came delegations from all the official and public bodies of France, and a large company of ex-service men. Britain's part in the ceremony expressed the high honour in which Marshal Foch was held in this country. The Prince of Wales, at his own special desire, was present on behalf of the King. The British troops in the procession comprised detachments of the Coldstream Guards (including the band), the London

Scottish (the first Territorial Battalion that went into action in France in 1914), and the Royal Air Force. There were also representatives of the British Legion. In photograph No. 6 the figures are (from left to right) Admiral of the Fleet Lord Wester Wemyss, Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey (behind), Field-Marshal Lord Allenby, Sir Claud Jacob, and Sir George Milne, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard.



THE GREAT MARSHAL'S WIDOW AND ONLY SURVIVING CHILDREN: MME. FOCH AND HER DAUGHTERS, MMES. BÉCOURT AND FOURNIER, WITH GENERAL WEYGAND, BESIDE THE COFFIN AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

## FRANCE AND BRITAIN UNITE TO MOURN MARSHAL FOCH: IN PARIS AND LONDON.



THE TRANSFERENCE OF THE COFFIN FROM THE HOUSE TO THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: THE MOTOR-HEARSE OF A NOVEL TYPE, ESCORTED BY A SQUADRON OF HUSSARS, ON ITS WAY THROUGH THE STREETS OF PARIS.



MARSHAL FOCH LYING IN STATE UNDER THE GREAT ARCH OF THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, BESIDE THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: THE FLAG-DRAPE COFFIN RESTING ON A GUN-CARRIAGE AND SURMOUNTED BY THE LATE MARSHAL'S CLOAK, KÉPI, AND SWORD.



THE REQUIEM MASS FOR MARSHAL FOCH IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: A GENERAL VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE ALTAR, SHOWING THE CATAFALQUE (CENTRE) BEHIND THE CROSS.



AFTERWARDS THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE FUNERAL IN PARIS: THE PRINCE OF WALES (IN GRENADIER GUARDS UNIFORM) AT THE SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS HELD IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

The body of Marshal Foch was conveyed from his house in Paris to the Arc de Triomphe at 8 a.m. on March 24, in a motor-hearse with a receptacle for the coffin at the back, escorted by Hussars. Mme. Foch, General Weygand, and M. Painlevé, Minister of War, followed in another

car. After the coffin had been deposited at the Arc de Triomphe, Mme. Foch, with her two daughters, stood for a while beside it, and then returned home in the car. The coffin was placed on a gun-carriage under the great Arch (as shown also on our front page). It was at Rennes, in 1883, that Marshal Foch (then thirty-two) married Mlle. Bienvenue, and they had one son and two daughters. Their son was killed in action. The news of his death, and that of the Marshal's son-in-law, Captain Bécourt, reached him during the first Battle of the Marne. The Requiem Mass in Westminster Cathedral, on March 23, was attended by the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Premier, and other Ministers. By his own special desire, the Prince of Wales was deputed to represent the King at the funeral in Paris, instead of Prince George, as originally arranged.

## Found in Lorraine: A Masterpiece of Graeco-Celtic Bronze.



MADE ABOUT 450 B.C.: A BRONZE FLAGON OF OLIVE-GREEN PATINA, WITH CORAL INLAY AND ENAMEL.

We reproduce here in its full colours one of the beautiful Graeco-Celtic bronze flagons which we recently illustrated in black and white, with a description by Mr. Reginald A. Smith, Keeper of British and Mediaeval Antiquities at the British Museum. He mentioned that, through a private benefactor, the nation had a chance of acquiring for £5320 these and the other bronzes found with them, which mark the beginning of a Celtic decorative style that culminated twelve centuries later in Irish masterpieces. This flagon (one of a pair) and other bronzes were discovered last year on the site of an old French abbey

at Bouzonville, near Metz, and are dated at about 450 B.C. "The patina (said Mr. Smith) is of a most attractive green, with a touch of olive, and glimpses of the original golden colour." On the flat beak is a duck moulded in the round. "Lying on either side of the mouth is a quadruped which may be a panther, the eyes originally set with coral. A similar but larger animal forms the handle. Oblong coral sockets are inlaid round the mouth, which is closed by an enamel cover chained to the handle. The throat of the flagon, and the foot, are also enriched with coral inlay."

## Comely Compatriots of Prince Olaf's Bride: Swedish Girls in Picturesque Attire.

AUTOCHROMES NOS. 1 TO 6 AND 8 BY G. HEURLIN. NO. 7 BY WILHELM TÖBIEN. COPYRIGHT NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY. REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION FROM THE "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE" (WASHINGTON).



1. "TRUST AMONG THE BIRCHES": DALARNA GIRLS OF LEKSAND.  
In summer many Dala villages are almost "emptied of their folk," while the young people drive their cattle and goats to mountain pastures. Among the birch groves the voices of women singing blend with the tinkle of cow-bells.



2. SWEDISH GIRLS IN THEIR PICTURESQUE DRESSES: AN ATTRACTIVE TRIO FROM RÄTTVIK.  
After a long day's ramble in the fields and woods, these girls are waiting by the roadside for the arrival of a conveyance to take them back to their home at Rättvik.



3. "THEY DWELL BESIDE DALARNA'S STORIED FLOOD": GIRLS OF FLÖDA.  
Flöda villagers live in the neighbourhood of Lake Siljan, on the western branch of the Dal River, which "sings her silver girdle round the waist of Sweden." On the broad river thousands of logs float down to the sea.



4. "YOUNG SWEDEN NOW STUDIES ENGLISH": A TYPICAL GIRL "STUDENT".  
"Rapid increase in tourist traffic (see a note on this illustration) and Sweden's close commercial and cultural relations with England and America spread a growing knowledge of English in that country."



5. "A CHARMING LESSON IN SWEDISH HISTORY": A BLEKKINGE GIRL.  
This Blecking girl is seen standing in front of a farmhouse in Stockholm's unique Open-Air Museum, at Skansen, which represents the early folk-life of Sweden in a style of actuality.



6. "A FAIR DESCENDANT OF THE OLD SEA-ROVERS": A BELLE OF RÄTTVIK.  
The race from which this girl sprang has dwelt in Sweden for many centuries, and she represents the prototype of many American women of Swedish descent. Swedes played a great part in the adventures of the Viking period, when Leif Ericsson reached North America.



7. DAUGHTERS OF THE HEART OF SWEDEN: GIRLS OF DALARNA (DALECARLIA) PROVINCE.  
Quaint dress and old customs mark the folk of Dala (Dalecarlia) Province—a miniature Sweden. Especially is this true of certain villages in its "grey," the smiling region round Lake Siljan, the homeland of these maid standing in the doorway of an old farmhouse at Leksand.



8. A TYPE OF SWEDISH BEAUTY: A GIRL OF SÖDERMANLAND.  
This girl is a native of the Province of Södermanland, the duchy of Prince William, the second son of the King of Sweden. Prince William, it may be recalled, is famous as a big-game hunter. Some of his photographs of gorillas in Africa have appeared in our pages.

Knit and homogeneous group. In its population an unusually pure Nordic type predominates—tall stature, long face, light complexion, golden hair, and blue eyes. The blonde colouring gives the streets of Stockholm a quality of lightness. . . . Göteborg and Stockholm are linked by a road of water, the Göta Canal. . . . North of this belt of water is another "lake district" including the Fryken lakes, Lake Siljan in Dalecarlia, and Dellen in Hälsingland. These are the Swedish Windermere, Cones, Lemans, and Lucernes, and love for their beauty and turquoise waters and birch-lined shores runs like a golden thread through the poetry and folk-lore of the people."

(Continued opposite)

## The Nugent Gainsborough: An 18th Century Guardsman.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON.



### "LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. EDMUND CRAGGS-NUGENT": ONE OF GAINSBOROUGH'S BEST PORTRAITS.

This fine example of Gainsborough's portraiture is one of several pictures from the Nugent collection to be offered for sale, on May 2, at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's rooms in Leicester Square, by order of the Trustees of the late Sir Edmund C. Nugent, Bt., of West Harling Hall, Norfolk. The subject of the picture, the Hon. Edmund Craggs-Nugent (only son of Robert, Earl Nugent, and his first wife, Lady Emilia Plunkett), was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards (the Grenadiers). He was born in 1731 and died,

unmarried, in 1771. The portrait was painted at Bath in 1764, and was shown in the following year, as "An Officer, whole length," at the exhibition of the Society of Artists of Great Britain. In 1885 it was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery. The picture was formerly in the possession of the Colonel's half-sister, Mary Elizabeth Nugent, afterwards Marchioness of Buckingham and Chandos, and was then at Stowe Palace. About 1848 it was presented to Field-Marshal Sir George Nugent, Bt. It measures 92 by 59½ in.

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**MR. J. BLINELL, M.P.**  
New M.P. for the Holland-with-Boston Division. Gained the seat for the Liberals, from the Conservatives. There were four candidates—Lib., Lab., Con., and Independent



**MR. C. W. BAILLIE-HAMILTON, M.P.**  
New M.P. for Bath. Held the seat for the Conservatives, with a majority of 3916. Was a private secretary to Mr. Baldwin.



**MR. HENRY MOND, M.P.**  
New M.P. for the East Toxteth Division of Liverpool. Held the seat for the Conservative Party. Son of Lord Melchett. Left the Liberal Party two years ago.



**MR. R. J. RUSSELL, M.P.**  
New M.P. for Eddisbury, which he won for the Liberal Party. Eddisbury, an agricultural constituency, had been held by the Conservatives since 1910.



**THE SEVENTH BARON WALSHAM.**  
Better known as the Hon. John de Grey, Metropolitan Police Magistrate. Succeeded his half-brother, 1919. Born, March 21, 1849; died, March 21.



**AN UNEXPECTED WIN AT THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS: MR. F. W. TCHITCHERINE, CAMBRIDGE'S SECOND STRING, BEATING MR. R. LEIGH-WOOD.**

In the 440-yards, F. W. Tchitcherine was first, in 50.25 seconds. R. Leigh-Wood, of Oxford, was second. The win was unexpected, for Tchitcherine was the Cambridge second string, and had not been fit.



**THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP WON BY A WOMAN'S HORSE: MRS. R. W. FOSTER, PART-OWNER OF ELTON.**  
Mrs. Foster has a half share in Elton, the 100-to-1 winner of the Lincolnshire, and it ran in her name and colours. A quarter share belongs to Mr. Harvey Leader, who gave £2000 for the horse, and the other quarter is held by Mr. A. B. Briscoe.



**OXFORD'S BOW, WHO WAS FOUND TO HAVE BEEN ROWING WHILE SUFFERING FROM INFLUENZA: MR. P. D. BARR HELPED ASHORE AFTER THE BOAT-RACE.**

The Oxford crew as a whole showed extreme exhaustion. P. D. Barr, the bow, was afterwards found to be suffering from influenza. It was necessary to help him ashore, and he was semi-unconscious for a while.



**MISS JENNY LEE, M.P.**  
Won North Lanark for the Labour Party, from the Conservatives. Is a school teacher and the daughter of a Lochee (Fife) miner. Is twenty-four. She had a fine career at Edinburgh University, and graduated as a solicitor. She won several scholarships. Her father is said never to have earned more than £3 a week.



**THE OWNER OF THE 100-TO-1 GRAND NATIONAL WINNER, GREGALACH; AND THE RIDER: MRS. M. A. GEMMELL PRESENTING A MODEL OF A GRAND NATIONAL FENCE TO R. EVERETT.**

Mrs. Gemmell, the owner of Gregalach, is a Scotswoman, a member of the well-known shipping family of Donaldson. Her husband, Mr. Alexander Gemmell, is a familiar figure in the social and business circles of Glasgow, Dublin, and Belfast. R. Everett, is an ex-Naval officer.



**GENERAL SARRAIL.**  
The French General Sarrail died on March 23 in his seventy-third year. In the Great War, he repelled the early German attack on Verdun. Later he commanded the Allied Forces at Salonika, but he was recalled in 1917. In 1924 he was appointed High Commissioner in Syria. His political interests marred his career.

**THE FIRST AERIAL  
OF THE  
SEQUENT VIEWS OF THE  
" PANORAMA"  
BOAT-RACE:  
CENTENARY-YEAR EVENT.**



1. CAMBRIDGE ALREADY LEADING: THE SCENE AS THE CREWS WERE PASSING BISHOP'S PARK SOON AFTER THE START OF THE CENTENARY-YEAR BOAT-RACE.



2. THE STATE-OF-AFFAIRS AT CRAVEN COTTAGE (FULHAM FOOTBALL GROUND, ON RIGHT): CAMBRIDGE AHEAD, HAVING TAKEN THE LEAD A FEW STROKES AFTER THE START.

3. AT CHISWICK EYOT: CAMBRIDGE WELL AHEAD RIVALS FROM



5. THE END OF THE EIGHTY-FIRST RACE! CAMBRIDGE FINISH FRESH, SEVEN LENGTHS AHEAD OF THEIR EXHAUSTED OPPONENTS.



6. AFTER THE FINISH: CAMBRIDGE AT THE BOAT-HOUSE; AND OXFORD, EXHAUSTED AFTER THEIR GRUELING EIGHT, LEANING OVER THEIR OARS, WAITING TO PADDLE IN.

The centenary-year Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race, which was rowed on March 23, resulted, as all the world knows, in a seven-lengths win for Cambridge, a win that in other days would have been recorded as "won easily." Cambridge were so much the stronger crew that their rivals held a lead but for a few moments; and this only thanks to the fact that they were quicker off the stake-boat. At the end of half a minute Cambridge had picked up the lead and the boats were level at the London Rowing Club. At the end of the first minute, Cambridge were leading by two feet. After that, the affair became more or less of a procession. At the Training Ship "Stork" Cambridge led by two lengths



4. NEARING THE END: THE CREWS TOWARDS THE WINNING-POST A GOOD

FINISH AT MORTLAKE—WHERE CAMBRIDGE PASSED SEVEN LENGTHS AHEAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY AEROFILMS.

and, for all practical purposes, the contest was at an end; for, from that minute, Cambridge were not hurried. With the poor tide taken into consideration, the time was quite fast—19 minutes, 24 seconds. Indeed, it has only been beaten on eight occasions in the history of the race. Cambridge finished fresh; but the Oxford eight were extremely exhausted. It turned out afterwards that P. D. Barr, the Oxford bow, had been something of a passenger for the latter part of the race, and that he had influenza. By its success, Cambridge drew level with Oxford, for each University has now won forty races. There was a dead-heat in 1877.

# THE GREAT SPORTS WEEK-END: A TRIO OF SPECIAL AERIAL VIEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY AEROFILMS.



THE F.A. CUP SEMI-FINALS: THE SCENE AT HIGBURY ABOUT FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE START OF THE MATCH BETWEEN ASTON VILLA AND PORTSMOUTH—THE CROWD SEEN FROM THE AIR) LIKE A SWARM OF BEES!



PLAY IN THE POSTPONED FIXTURE BETWEEN THE ROYAL NAVY AND THE ARMY: THE ARMY ENDEAVOURING TO SCORE A TRY DURING THE RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH AT TWICKENHAM ON MARCH 23.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS HELD AT STAMFORD BRIDGE FOR THE FIRST TIME: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE MEETING ON MARCH 23, WHEN CAMBRIDGE BEAT OXFORD BY SEVEN EVENTS TO FOUR AND GAINED THEIR FOURTH SUCCESSIVE VICTORY.

The week-end—if one can call it a week-end—that included March 22 and 23, was, perhaps, the greatest sports week-end of the year. On the Friday there was the Grand National, and on the Saturday, amongst other events, were the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race; the Oxford and Cambridge Sports; the F.A. Cup semi-finals; the postponed Rugby match between the Navy and the Army; and the Head of the River race. The F.A. Cup semi-finals were played at Highbury, where Aston Villa and Portsmouth met; and at Liverpool, where the contestants were Huddersfield Town and Bolton Wanderers. Bolton Wanderers beat Huddersfield Town by three goals to one, and Portsmouth beat Aston Villa

by one goal to nil. The postponed Rugby match between the Royal Navy and the Army ended in a win for the Army by a goal and four tries to a goal and two tries. Before the game, the players were lined up, and Prince George shook hands with them. After this, the band in attendance played the National Anthem, and, as a tribute to the memory of Marshal Foch, the Marseillaise. The Oxford and Cambridge Sports took place this year at Stamford Bridge, instead of at Queen's Club as was customary. No records were broken, but there was some good racing. Cambridge were successful by seven events to four, and so scored their fourth successive victory.

## TRIUMPH AND DISASTER: THE SEGRAVE AND BIBLE RECORD-ATTEMPTS.



TRIUMPH: MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE, IN HIS IRVING SPECIAL "GOLDEN ARROW," SETTING UP THE NEW LAND-SPEED RECORD BY TRAVELLING AT AN AVERAGE SPEED OF OVER 231 MILES AN HOUR, ON DAYTONA BEACH.



DISASTER: MR. LEE BIBLE ATTEMPTING TO BREAK MAJOR SEGRAVE'S NEW LAND-SPEED RECORD IN MR. J. M. WHITE'S TRIPLEX CAR, ON DAYTONA BEACH—AN ENDEAVOUR THAT ENDED IN A FATAL "CRASH."



THE TRIPLEX AFTER IT HAD CRASHED WITH MR. LEE BIBLE: THE REMAINS OF THE CAR BY THE SAND-DUNE ON TO WHICH IT SWERVED, TURNING OVER SEVERAL TIMES, AND CAUSING THE DEATH OF THE DRIVER AND OF A PHOTOGRAPHER.



KILLED BY THE  
"CRASHING"  
OF THE  
TRIPLEX  
DRIVEN BY  
MR. LEE BIBLE  
IN AN  
ENDEAVOUR TO  
BEAT MAJOR  
H. O. D.  
SEGRAVE'S NEW  
LAND-SPEED  
RECORD:  
MR. CHARLES A.  
TRAUB, A  
PHOTOGRAPHER.



AFTER THE VICTORY, WHICH WAS A GREAT TRIUMPH FOR BRITISH ENTERPRISE, MATERIAL, AND PLUCK: MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE GREETED BY HIS WIFE AFTER HE HAD SET UP THE NEW RECORD OF OVER 231 MILES AN HOUR.



A CROWD THAT TOOK SOME RISK IN WATCHING AN ENORMOUS RISK: SPECTATORS ASSEMBLED TO WITNESS MAJOR SEGRAVE'S ATTEMPT TO BREAK THE LAND-SPEED RECORD SET UP BY MR. RAY KEECH.

As all the world knows, Major H. O. D. Segrave, driving the Irving special racing car, "Golden Arrow," on Daytona Beach, Florida, on March 11, broke all land-speed records by travelling at an average speed of 231.36226 miles an hour. In order to establish this record, he had to traverse a measured mile twice, once in each direction. He began his northward journey with a four-mile start, crossed the starting-line at a fearful pace, and was over the finishing-line 15.55 seconds later. Thus, the first mile had been done at over 231½ miles an hour. On the southward run his time for the mile was 15.57 seconds; that is, at the rate of 231 1-5 miles an hour. This meant that he had exceeded Mr. Ray Keech's record, (set up last year in Mr. J. M. White's Triplex racing car) by nearly twenty-four

miles an hour. On the 13th, Mr. Lee Bible set out in an endeavour to break Major Segrave's new record in a Triplex owned by Mr. White, travelling the same course. This attempt ended in tragedy; for the driver's car overturned and he was killed, in company with a news-photographer who was standing on a dune near by. Mr. Bible had made the southward run at 182 miles an hour, and had finished the measured mile, running northward at 202 miles an hour, when, a mile north of the finishing-line, the machine swerved on to a sand dune and turned over several times, pinning the driver beneath it. Major Segrave, it may be added, is satisfied that his record will stand for a considerable period, and, therefore, he has retired from motor-racing.

# Fashions & Fancies

Dress Show  
Week in  
London.

Last week was a procession of mannequins morning, noon, and night. The postman arrived daily burdened with invitations, and much carpet must have been worn threadbare under the tread of marching feet—even though they belonged to mannequins! Although, surprisingly enough, Mr. Cochran's good example seems already to have been followed, and mysteriously, in six short months, the sylph-like figures of last autumn have blossomed into graceful curves, which melted harmoniously into the elegant dips and draperies of the new frocks. As nearly every dress show began with jumper suits, and followed round the clock, I will do the same. Jumper suits are, of course, inevitable to every year and every season. But there are a few subtle differences to be observed by the discerning eye. Large printed silk scarves, for instance, are festooned round the hips of knitted jumpers, with one side ending in a point over one hip. Conversely, the same scarf appears at the neck with the point over the opposite shoulder. The colourings repeat those of the jumper. Skirts, knitted, and even of tweed, may boast godets instead of pleats, and short cardigan



The vogue for printed georgette is expressed here in charming colourings with tiny pink flowers on a black ground. At the neck are touches of pink georgette. From Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.

coats are rivalled by small circular capes. The formal coat and skirt for town wear is very often in black this year. One very smart tailleur had the coat ending in a little flounce on the hips, which was fluted at the back in a most amusing way.

Printed Silks  
for the  
Afternoon.

The spring sunshine will certainly call forth a riot of flowers, for there will be as many embedded in silks and satins as there are in the earth. Printed satin and chiffon are very fashionable, and it is curious to notice that the flowers on the former are very small but prolific, while the chiffons display, in the main, poppies, chrysanthemums, roses, and large cactus leaves. The silhouette of these frocks is charming, very feminine, and graceful, for they all have points and draperies swaying at the sides and back, while the front is a little longer than last season, to give a harmonious line. One lovely Ascot toilette of printed chiffon had a tiny little bolero floating away from the frock, edged with lace, and with four narrow stripes of ribbon in red, yellow, green, and blue. Another printed chiffon



A beautiful wedding-dress of fine lace, embroidered with orange blossoms. The veil is of net, escaping from a Russian-looking headdress. Designed and carried out by Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, PETER NORTH, AND UNDERWOOD.



A beautiful negligée of gold-brocaded printed chiffon lined with georgette and trimmed with marabout in every shade of autumn. The long wing sleeves are very effective. At Debenham and Freebody's.

THE SEASON'S FASHIONS, GLEANED FROM MANY DRESS PARADES AND PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SPRING BRIDE'S CHARMING TROUSSEAU.

frock had a coatee of plain chiffon, the same exquisite shade of blue as the background. Hats are either very small, true skull caps, or with large, shady brims. In the former category is a most amusing model by Agnes, a toque consisting only of a brim! This brim is of felt, held together by an almost invisible crown of fine net, which falls over the point of the face as a small veil. Amongst the large hats, the most striking innovation is the long silk scarf appearing at the back only, appliquéd against the crown and passing through a slot at the juncture with the brim, to fall down the back or be wound round the neck.

**The Importance of the Back.** In the evening frocks this season, the back is more elaborate in line and detail than the front.

A frock that is without any trimming whatever, usually in satin or moiré, is perfectly plain in front, drawn slightly towards the back, where, on the contrary, there is sure to be a large bustle bow and a bewildering number of flutes and godets, at the base of a décolletage nearly to the waist. Every frock almost has this deep décolletage at the back. Many dresses show embroidery at the back only, such as true-lover's knots of diamanté, or crystal leaves spraying from the shoulders. Very long sweeping



A useful frock and coatee in lace—ideal for any trousseau—which is very inexpensive, in the model gown salon at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.

tails, almost touching the ground, are the general evening silhouette, or, if the frock is very tight, two "fish-tails" fall from the hips. Coats, too, follow the idea of the long tail dipping at the back, and are sometimes slit up the centre almost to the waist-line.

Spring Brides  
and Their  
Trousseaux.

The bride is the grand finale of nearly every spring dress show. This year it is quite evident that the vogue for white has come back triumphant. Not a single colour was amongst the seven or eight which I saw. Satin and tulle were the favourite materials, made with full, fluted skirts dipping at the back in harmony with the train. A very beautiful bridal gown in exquisitely fine lace is pictured on this page. It is hemmed with net to match the long net veil which falls from the Russian-looking headdress. Also photographed are a few of the modes which must be included in the trousseau of this season's bride—an afternoon frock of printed georgette, an ensemble with the fashionable coatee carried out in lace, and a beautiful negligée in gold-brocaded printed chiffon, lined with georgette and hemmed with marabout in a burnt-sand nuance.

## AMERICA'S FINEST PREHISTORIC POTTERY: "INCREDIBLE" MIMBRES ART.

BY COURTESY OF THE MINNEAPOLIS INSTITUTE OF ART, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.



FIG. 1. A MIMBRES BOWL, WITH A CURIOUS FISH-TAILED BIRD DESIGN OF INCREDIBLE PRECISION; AND A ROUGH CREMATION JAR CONTAINING HUMAN BONE ASH.



FIG. 2. "KILLED" (I.E., PUNCTURED) IN THE CENTRE TO RELEASE THE SPIRIT: MIMBRES BOWLS WITH INTRICATE DESIGNS, FOUND OVER THE HEADS OF SKELETONS IN BURIALS.



FIG. 3. DECORATED WITH A "CONVENTIONALISED" ANIMAL, POSSIBLY A DOG: A SMALL MIMBRES BOWL. (DIAM., 5 IN.)

These wonderful relics of aboriginal American art, with many others, were found last year in Mimbres Valley, in New Mexico (inhabited many centuries ago by a race now known as Mimbrenos) by an expedition from the Minneapolis Institute of Art, led by Dr. Albert E. Jenks, of the University of Minnesota. The Institute's "Bulletin" says: "The age of the Mimbres culture is still a moot question. . . . It may date back as far as 2000 B.C. Archaeologists agree that it ceased to exist about 600 A.D. What happened, then, to the people who left behind them decorated pottery more beautiful and varied in design than any thus far found in the Western Hemisphere? There are no evidences of attack by an enemy race. Disease may be the answer, or slow changes in climate; for there is abundant evidence in the pottery designs that once this arid valley was far more fertile. What impresses us most is the disparity between the highly developed sense of design possessed by the Mimbres craftsmen and their primitive mode of life. Their houses and implements were of the simplest; they had no written language. Yet for sheer ingenuity in combining the most complex geometric elements in their

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 4. THE "BAT" BOWL (TOP), INTACT, EXCEPT FOR THE USUAL "KILL," AND OTHER MIMBRES BOWLS; WITH SHELL BRACELETS AND NECKLACES.

designs, and for keenness in observing animal and bird life, the Mimbres potters are unique in all American prehistoric cultures. This pottery is largely mortuary, being found in almost every instance in connection with a human burial. Usually, the Mimbrenos buried their dead in a prone position, the knees drawn up to the chest, and the head bent forward and covered with an inverted bowl, punctured or 'killed' near the centre, probably to permit its spirit to escape with the spirit of the deceased. . . . Another unexpected discovery was a large collection of beads, small but varied in colour. Bracelets of the usual Mimbres type, made of the rims of sea shells punctured at the hinge, were also found in considerable numbers, thirteen being discovered on the bones of one woman's arm. Some of these are illustrated in Fig. 4. At Cameron Creek a most important find was made: a crudely moulded jar (Fig. 1), containing a bluish-grey substance. Dr. Jenks suspected human remains, but Mr. Bradfield doubted that cremation had ever been practised by this race, and suggested the substance might be baked corn meal. The jar was sealed and shipped to Minneapolis.

[Continued below.]



FIG. 6. "AN ALMOST INEXHAUSTIBLE VARIETY OF INTRICATE DESIGNS—STRAIGHT LINES, CIRCLES, DOTS, TRIANGLES, TERRACES, WAVES, WHIRLIGIGS, SPIRALS": A GROUP OF MIMBRES BOWLS, INCLUDING TWO SEEN IN FIGS 1 AND 4. (DIAMETERS—5 TO 14 IN.)



FIG. 7. THE CROSS AS A SYMBOL IN PREHISTORIC AMERICAN ART: A MIMBRES FUNERARY BOWL, "KILLED" IN THE CENTRE, DATING PERHAPS FROM 2000 B.C.

*Continued.*

and a portion of the substance was submitted for analysis to Professor Ross A. Gortner, of the University of Minnesota. Professor Gortner declared it to be bone ash. It is, therefore, a cremation. . . . Although the Mimbres ware shows certain affinities with pottery produced by neighbouring cultures, such as the Casa Grande, it is generally conceded to be superior to all others in the variety of its geometric designs and the realism of its naturalistic motifs. Food bowls predominate in number, generally rather shallow, varying in diameter from five to fourteen inches. Almost all are decorated inside. As far as the designs are concerned, one stands lost in admiration at their variety and beauty. Of the four hundred or more recovered during the past fifteen years, no two are alike. Mimbres pottery displays an almost inexhaustible variety of intricate

designs. Straight lines, circles, dots, triangles, terraces, waves, whirligigs, spirals—every conceivable element is combined in bewildering profusion. Of the sixty bowls thus far set up at the Institute, a little more than half are geometric. The remainder represent birds, animals, and insects, more or less conventionalised. In the group of bowls illustrated (in Fig. 6), four present animal images and the remainder geometrical patterns, the bat bowl combining the two. This bowl was one of the few recovered intact, except for the usual 'kill.' It is seen also in Fig. 4. The precision of workmanship is quite as remarkable as the variety of design. In the deeper bowls it seems incredible that the artist could handle his brush in the cramped position without faltering. The clean-cut treatment of border lines, as in Fig. 1, seems almost impossible without machines."



MY host for the week-end was the proud possessor of a monstrous writing-table, octagonal in shape, resting upon a thick turned column with animal legs. "A poor copy," said he, "made by someone in the 1860's from an original designed in the worst possible taste about 1820." Still, he liked it as one often does like ugly things, merely because they are familiar and somehow friendly. By chance a volume of Pepys's Diary was lying on the table as we talked, and our conversation naturally turned to the diarist's taste in furniture. One inevitably regards the man as an admirable administrator, an amusing neighbour to have beside one at dinner, a book-lover, a musician—but where on earth did he obtain the originality which made him order the famous oak pedestal writing-table at Magdalene College, Cambridge, half a century before pedestal tables became the fashion? This table was made about the year 1670. At the ends are false drawers, while glazed cupboards give space for storing large folio books. But tables of this type did not become popular till after the first quarter of the following century.

The ordinary late Stuart writing-table was a very modest affair which was also used as a card-table, with practically no space for keeping writing materials. As for the earlier part of the seventeenth century, an illuminating commentary on the comparative simplicity of the times is given by Charles the First's inventory: this does not describe a single table as being definitely used and set aside as a writing-table. This is rather remarkable, when we remember that the King was a man of considerable culture and a great patron of art. There certainly was not a palace in Italy at this date which could not boast of a dozen bureaux and writing-tables.

Pepys, then, was a pioneer. His table remains a sign and a portent almost until the great age of the architect in England, when enormous libraries enshrined in Palladian houses gave a designer like

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: WRITING-TABLES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

William Kent his chance. A massive writing-table was the *pièce de résistance* of these big and well-proportioned rooms. It was placed in the centre, and thus had to be equally well finished and polished both front and back. The fashion lasted some years; for Chippendale in his "Director" (where he publishes eleven separate designs for library tables) writes: "They frequently stand in the middle of a room, which requires both sides to be made useful." Thus,

popularity and interest to-day. Apart from the gilding mentioned above, these pieces, to an eye accustomed to the more elegant proportions of later examples, are heavy and clumsy. But, provided they are set in a large enough room, as originally intended, they have great dignity.

Kent and his contemporaries adapted their designs from the French models of the same type that became popular about the end of the seventeenth



FIG. 1. "TYPICAL OF THE FINEST CHIPPENDALE TRADITION, WITH ITS LATTICE-WORK FRIEZE AND BEAUTIFUL PROPORTIONS: A PEDESTAL WRITING-TABLE FROM KEN WOOD."

as in many a modernist piece, there are often drawers back and front. But a William Kent type of writing-table is definitely made to harmonise with the plaster decoration of the room; it is also lavishly gilded, and out of its original setting is inclined to look somewhat garish—though this fact makes no difference to its

century. (In fact, it can be argued that most characteristic English types of furniture are bastard French: this is not to suggest we did not alter or improve or adapt. It merely means that the main inspiration came from across the Channel.)

After about 1740 the fashion for gilded additions seems to have passed. There is far more lightness about the design; the carving and mouldings are more delicate; in fact, we reach a Chippendale piece like that illustrated in Fig. 1, in which is an admirable balance and symmetry. The decoration of this example, which came from Ken Wood, is typical of the finest Chippendale tradition, with its lattice-work frieze and beautiful proportions.

After Chippendale, designers—again adapting from French models—produced writing-tables containing all sorts of ingenious devices. Sheraton, for example, in describing a rather charming little design, in which a screen can be made to rise up at the back, writes: "The convenience of this table is that a lady, when writing at it, may both receive the benefit of the fire, and have her face screened from the scorching heat."

Adam was content to keep the form of the pedestal writing-table, though he transformed the decoration in his usual elegant fashion. Perhaps the most convenient and by no means the least beautiful writing-table of the late eighteenth century was that known as the "Carlton House" type, of which Fig. 2 is a good example. It serves also to illustrate the main trend of evolution—the change from the flat top and massive pedestals of about 1730 to the lighter and more symmetrical Chippendale type, and thence to this Hepplewhite piece, with no pedestal drawers, but with a curved and beautifully made series of drawers around the writer's place, with a little lattice-work brass rail at the back. This piece is of exceptional interest, because it still has its original brass candlesticks. Later writing-tables naturally follow the so-called classical style of the First Empire: Corinthian columns, caryatides, lion-paw feet, heavy legs, and brass bandings—until they end in the friendly, comfortable horror that began this article.



FIG. 2. THE "CARLTON HOUSE" TYPE OF WRITING-TABLE OF THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: AN EXAMPLE WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE CHANGE FROM PEDESTALS TO THE HEPPLEWHITE PIECE; WITH ITS ORIGINAL BRASS CANDLESTICKS.

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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### THE FUTURE OF OPERA.

M R. DYNELEY HUSSEY has written in the "To-Day and To-Morrow" series an excellent little book entitled "Eurydice; or, The Nature of Opera." Opera is not exclusively a musical or a dramatic form, and on that account it has come in for a good deal of adverse criticism, both from literary men and from musicians. There has been a tendency to sneer at opera as a hybrid, using the word in that familiar derogatory sense which is not strictly scientific, since there is a sense in which, biologically speaking, everything is a hybrid. We speak of pure-bred fox-terriers, or retrievers, or mastiffs, or Pekinese, but actually every breed of dog can be got by a process of crossing if we take long enough time over it; and even the species—as Darwin long ago showed—is immutable.

Among the different forms of art there are, of course, the distinct species, such as poetry, painting, sculpture, and music; but it is arguable that, just as drama is neither poetry nor prose, but something distinct *sui generis*, with its own constitution and laws, so opera is an equally distinct form, with its own conventions and powers, and that in no sense is it a mere mixture of music and poetry, or of music and prose, or of music and drama. The contempt and scorn which some "absolute" musicians and academic purists have poured upon opera is, in my opinion, beside the mark, and reveals a total lack of comprehension on their part of the real nature and the great achievements and the still greater potentialities of opera.

It is the great merit of Mr. Hussey's book that he does not make this mistake. He is no humble apologist for opera, but boldly claims that in opera we have an art-form with definite conventions of its own, which have to be understood and used: "The charge brought against opera as a form is that it is a hybrid, a mixture of oil and vinegar, a spoiling of two good things. We are told that it cannot be a satisfying art-form in the sense that painting or poetry may be, because each of its elements must make concession to the other. The swiftness of the drama is impeded by the slowness of the music, which takes time to deploy its forces; while music has difficulty in carrying forward the dramatic action without itself becoming dull. There is a continual struggle between the drama, which requires freedom for its development, and the music, which seeks to impose upon its partner the bonds of its own formality.

It follows that the composer of opera is peculiarly liable to write music which is merely illustrative and formless, whilst the librettist may fall into the opposite snare of producing a stiffly symmetrical play whose characters are lifeless abstractions rather than living men and women.

"The case against opera is indeed a strong one. Yet it amounts to little more than that opera has certain limitations which both composer and poet must recognise. In this it differs in no way from the other arts. There are certain things you cannot do in painting. You may successfully represent the recession of a scene away from the spectator, but you cannot show him what is on the other side of a hill without doing so much violence to natural forms that your representation will fail to convince him."

This is sensibly said, although the case is, as Mr. Hussey would no doubt admit, complicated by the fact that opera requires two collaborators: a librettist—or, to use Aristotle's more accurate term, a poet—and a musician. It may happen—as was the case with Wagner—that the same man combines happily the two distinct faculties, but that will necessarily be a greater rarity than a good poet or a good musician.

Many imperfectly educated people make great fun of opera by ridiculing it for what they call the "fundamental absurdity" of making human beings sing instead of expressing themselves more "naturally" in speech. But to criticise opera on this ground is—as Mr. Hussey has no difficulty in demonstrating—an error of judgment. There is no such thing as perfectly "natural" behaviour. Speech is a convention just as song is, and in every art the first step to being able to understand and enjoy is to know and accept the particular convention employed.

If you put the ordinary ignorant man in front of the famous frescoes of Giotto, he may be amazed at their lack of perspective and, to him, imperfect drawing. Being used to a pictorial art which has developed the knowledge and conventions of perspective to such a pitch that any object can now be perfectly represented in three dimensions by painters, he can only perceive Giotto's extraordinary inferiority to the average painter of to-day, and he is blind to the qualities which make Giotto so much greater an artist than the late Sir Frederick Leighton or Sir John Millais. He might realise that this trick of being able to paint objects in perspective is quite valueless and irrelevant from the aesthetic point of view, if he could be made to understand that there are thousands of students living to-day who do what Giotto could not do, but that none of these students is a great artist, as Giotto was.

Mr. Hussey says: "If, then, opera is to be condemned on grounds of artificiality, that condemnation must lie also in a greater or less degree against all forms of art. Let us admit freely that opera is more artificial than the drama, since it takes us a step farther from the ordinary world of commonplace speech. That is both its opportunity—since it can raise us to a higher plane of emotional experience—and its danger, since it slips the more easily into absurdity. The familiar conversation between Pinkerton and Sharpless in 'Madam Butterfly' is ridiculous, not because it is operatic, but because it is not operatic. It is not the kind of thing which lends itself to artificial treatment, and its intrusion brings us down with a bump from the ideal world of opera into the real world where men in clubs or bars say 'Have another?' The composer has fallen into bathos, which is the pitfall of the serious artist, even as it is one of the best traps to catch laughter in the equipment of the parodist. But this instance of failure, like many others that are frequently cited, is not a proof of the absurdity of the operatic convention. It merely proves that the operatic composer must not transgress the limitations which circumscribe the form he is using."

I do not admit that opera can raise us to a higher state of emotional experience than drama, because I do not see how we can prescribe limits to the power of drama; but I agree emphatically with Mr. Hussey when he declares that opera has its own conventions, and I believe that we can also put no limits to its possibilities. Those musicians who say that when they go to hear opera they shut their eyes and only listen to the music, pretending that the music is the only thing that matters, are deceiving themselves, as well as trying to humbug us. Or, if they are completely sincere, and if they do not want to know what the drama of "Otello" is, or what Wagner's "Ring" is all about, then they are in my opinion not only defective in dramatic sense, but in musical sense also. Because a great deal of the music of these operas has no significance unless one knows its relevance to the drama. From an abstract point of view, as mere musical pattern, so to speak, it is inconsequent, capricious, and irrelevant.

What is the purely musical meaning of the famous funeral march in "Götterdämmerung"? If one were to listen to that piece in utter ignorance of dramatic meaning, what sense would it have? Besides, how can one write pure abstract music? How can one write a funeral march if one does not know, from non-musical experience, that there is such a thing as death? No, the attitude of the absolute musician, the complete purist, is untenable. W. J. TURNER.

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## MARINE CARAVANNING.—XXV.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN.

**N**o vessel is more affected by incorrect weight distribution than a skimming boat. If it is trimmed too much "by the stern," the angle at which the planes on its bottom meet the water is large and therefore creates resistance. If it is "down by the head," the angle is too small to exert sufficient "lift" to make the vessel skim easily.

Aeroplanes, which are, in effect, "stepped" craft, can vary within certain limits the angle of incidence of their after-planes to suit the weight carried. This has been tried in boats also, but, except in smooth water, it has not proved very successful, and a moment's thought will provide the reason. If, for instance, both the planes of a stepped boat have been set to a large angle of incidence, the speed will be low, and will be reduced further in a choppy sea by each wave encountered; alternatively, if they are at a small angle, the lifting power of the forward part of the boat will be insufficient, when she pitches, to prevent her from diving. It is possible, of course, to design a boat in which either plane can be adjusted separately, but she would be almost impossible to handle, for in broken water the waves succeed each other too quickly to permit effective control of the planes.

There is no short cut of this sort to hull efficiency in hydroplanes, and weight distribution must be studied to obtain the best angle of the planes. Designers should not try to copy every good point of the aeroplane, though it can teach a great deal. They must remember that aircraft have two great

advantages in that (1) they are totally submerged bodies, whilst a boat is partly in air and partly in water; and (2) they obtain the greater part of their lifting power from the upper surface of their planes. The Hydrofoil boat was designed to obtain this extra "lift," and it has succeeded; it is fast and seaworthy, but has drawbacks which will require time and money to eliminate.

with a straight keel, is better both from the point of view of resistance and steadiness than a boat with sections roughly parabolic with the keel curved upwards aft; (2) that a stepped boat of this type is superior to a non-stepped, and a cambered bottom abaft the step is inferior to a punt-shaped section, and a cleft bow still more so; (3) that Sea Sleds are slower than stepped boats, but are more comfortable in bad weather.

Vast sums have been expended in America on experiments in order to produce fast boats, but this country is not ignorant on the subject, especially where seaworthiness is concerned, and has, in fact, exported sample boats to America since the war. Speed in smooth water is, of course, the first thing to aim at, and America has certainly succeeded; it remains to be seen now who will be the first to produce the really fast seagoing vessel.

No article, however short, on this subject would be complete without reference to the semi-displacement or hard chine boat. Most of the well-known "speed boats" round the coasts are of this type, and for all-round purposes they have proved very satisfactory. They are not fast when compared with the racing stepped boats, but are quite fast enough to "thrill"

their occupants. They are called semi-displacement vessels because, when at high speed, they do not "lift" themselves on to the surface as much as a stepped boat. For express cruisers like those popular in America, boats of this type are the best, for they are both good sea boats and fast without being uncomfortable in bad weather.



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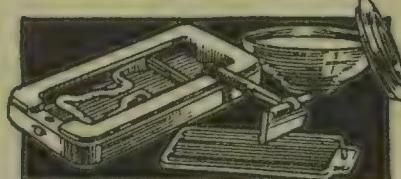
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## THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

(Continued from Page 530.)

But even these must be treated with a freshness of vision and an originality of humour if they are to serve their turn once again. Nor can I conceive of two closely kindred plays, even farces, treading hard on each other's heels with any measure of success.

In the World of the Kinema all this is reversed. The film-makers imitate each other's "big hits" as well as their own. A "high spot," to use the American term for a sensational incident, that has obviously thrilled the public will be repeated again and again, until the next thriller comes along. I can remember a period when a spectacular flood provided the dénouement of a series of melodramas. Each swollen river seemed more terrifically in spate; each gallant hero, saving his lady love, had a harder time of it. Then there was a forest-fire phase, ousted at last by a newer sensation, invented by some more enterprising producer determined to break fresh ground. But this, in its turn, would inevitably reap the flattery of imitation. "The Big Parade," though it evoked a chorus of adverse criticism in England because of its egotistically American point of view (to which, as an American film, it seemed to me to be fully entitled!), nevertheless established not only a popular form of war-romance, but contained one incident that has been repeated at intervals ever since. I refer to the desperate search made by the lovelorn heroine for her sweetheart amongst the rank and file of the marching soldiers whose progress she seriously and vainly impedes, until she is left, a tragic, lonely little figure, in the trampled mud of the high-road. This pathetic episode being widely quoted, the film-makers decided that the public could never have too much of it.

A successful setting will start a vogue as well as a big sensation. Somebody, for instance, makes a circus film with a secretly sorrowful clown as the hero; the public likes it, and the order goes forth that the public wants circuses. We have had any amount of them lately, though the clown with his painful, painted laugh has been partially ousted by the troupe of acrobats whose rivalries and love-affairs lead to dislocation!

Most surprising of all the policies of the film-world is that which advocates an immediate attempt to repeat the atmosphere, treatment, charm, and sentiment of a whole film-play that happens to have caught the fancy of the public. The film-trade

would appear to be absolutely persuaded that its customers can never get too much of what they once considered a good thing. Nor would they, perhaps, if the second supply equalled the quality of the first. But this policy is surely foredoomed to failure. It is the most difficult thing in the world to recapture the first fine frenzy born of anything so intangible as charm and atmosphere. Yet the attempt is made. One remembers that simple and somewhat oversweet story of two humble children of Paris, who taught each other how to be happy, brave, and faithful up in a poor, seventh-storey attic. It was called "Seventh Heaven," and it made an instant appeal to the hearts of filmgoers, because it was imbued with the spirit of youth, its gaiety, its sadness, and its pluck. Two young artists, Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, caught its elusive spirit to perfection. There followed "The Street Angel," which frankly aimed at the same target with the same powder and shot. It missed. Other instances of similar imitation will doubtless occur to regular filmgoers.

## "AMONG THE FOREST DWARFS OF MALAYA."

(Continued from Page 520.)

the case of women, 140 centimetres, and of men 150 centimetres. . . . In many physical characteristics the Semang bear a strong resemblance to the natives of Australia. Their complexion is dark brown, with a tendency to black. Their hair is either like the woolly hair of the African or curls in fine spirals like the hair of the Papuans. . . . As for physical disfigurement, piercing of the ear-lobes is universal among the women, and individual tribes file the incisor teeth. Tattooing and piercing of the nasal septum, where they were to be observed at all among the frontier tribes, have certainly been adopted from the neighbouring Sakai. Painting of the body occurs extremely rarely, and also points to Sakai influence, while personal decorations with flowers and green-stuff is native to the Semang. . . . The principal food of the Semang consists of vegetables. . . . As a natural result of their nomadic life in the forest, the Semang have no permanent buildings. They erect their weather shelters wherever they settle for a few days. . . . Every Semang group has its tribal area, which is known by the *durian* and *ipoh* trees to which the individual families of the group have a right. . . . In the land of the dead people

lead a spirit life and live just as they do on earth. Reward and judgment after death are unknown to the Semang. All evil must be expiated on earth and the deity sees that this is done."

Now, as the *feuilletons* have it, You Can Begin To-day! Most certainly do not miss "Among the Forest Dwarfs of Malaya."

E. H. G.

## A NOVEL OF THRILLS.

NOVEL-READERS who like an exciting tale will enjoy "The White Châlet," by Laurence Cross (Jarrold; 7s. 6d.). Here the author of "The Dope Dealers" has chosen a kindred subject as the pivot of the plot—the trade with America in illicit alcohol. It is not in the strict sense a detective story, in which a crime mystery is gradually unravelled and an unsuspected criminal's identity revealed at the end; it belongs rather to what Sir Gerald du Maurier has aptly called, in drama, the "thick ear" type of story.

Brisk movement and action, including "rough-and-tumble" work, robbery, kidnapping, and dark doings with a Chinese drug, lead up to a thrilling climax. While some of the characters are confronted with mysterious events, there is no mystery for the reader, who is at once introduced to the crooks in a lonely Swiss châlet, and very soon learns what they are after. The interest depends rather on the hero's adventures in his efforts to circumvent them, and on the vicissitudes of his love affair with the innocent niece of a member of the gang.

In the matter of respect for the law (the Volstead Law in particular) there is little to choose between the sheep and the goats—the "sheep" being the hero, Tommy Lumb, and his friend, Peter Marsham. They evidently considered it as venial an offence to dodge Prohibition as motorists do to exceed the speed limit. Peter, a British ex-airman of scientific tastes, had discovered a method of reducing alcohol to tabloid form, and sought to make a fortune by smuggling it into America. "His scruples did not stand in his way," but he had so much trouble with a gang of boot-leggers that he gave up the game. That was before the story begins. He had more trouble when they stole his formula, and still more when they found he had rendered it ineffective. But for Tommy and a Swiss village priest, Peter and his wife would have been in evil case. We will not spoil the reader's pleasure by giving away the developments of the plot.



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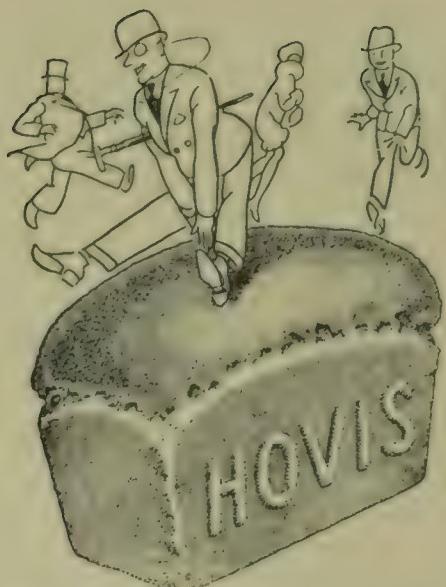
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*Mr. G. A. Service, will welcome enquiries sent to him at the address below.*

# GAS

for Homes of To-day

## THE ART OF DINING. THE SALADS OF SPRING SUITABLE FOR EASTER SERVICE.

*By JESSIE J. WILLIAMS, M.C.A.*

CONSTANTLY recurring references to salads in the literature of all ages prove that the eating of green-stuffs has always been closely associated with health. Chaucer tells us of the "pleasaut salades which they made hem eat," and a difference of salads according to the season was a subject upon which an Italian *chef* once discoursed to Montaigne.

The assurance of abundant supplies of all kinds of salad stuffs coming into our markets from other lands almost wipes away the dividing line of season. Yet the salads of springtime have a peculiar freshness that is very welcome. With regard to the dressing of salad, opinions vary; but the simpler forms always seem best, though the ingredients of which they are made must be of the finest. The quality of the oil is of great importance. Lucca of all others should have preference, and if it is the result of the first pressing of the olives—easily recognisable by its pale colour and pleasant odour—so much the better. Good malt, wine, or cider vinegar must also be employed.

A salad may be twofold in character. It may be food in itself, or it may give greater relish to the more substantial dishes which it accompanies. An



A DELICIOUS METHOD OF SERVING FRUIT SALAD:  
A HOLLOWED PINEAPPLE AS "BOWL."

a teaspoonful each of sugar, salt and pepper. Rub them well together with a wooden spoon, and then stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and three tablespoonfuls of olive oil. For the particular salad given above, add a little green cucumber pickle—not the mustard variety—chopped fine.

For service with roast chicken an artist in salad-making will always choose crisp Cos lettuces, which come in at Easter time, and after dividing each in halves—or quarters, if very large—wash them carefully in cold water and drain them dry. Meanwhile make a sauce by rubbing together one tablespoonful of oil, half that quantity of vinegar, salt and pepper to taste, and a little chopped tarragon and chervil. Serve the lettuce laid lengthwise on a separate dish for each person, and pour over a little of the sauce—only sufficient to lubricate the leaves—just before serving.

Shrimps and radishes combine well in a salad. Season some shelled shrimps with pepper, salt, cayenne and lemon juice. Then line a salad-dish thickly with crisp lettuce leaves, pile the shrimps in the centre, moistening them with a little mayonnaise sauce. Add more lettuce leaves and some small radishes.

Fruit salads find a welcome place on Easter menus; and almost any kind of fruit, provided it is perfectly ripe and sound, may be used. Mix the fruit



A GROUP OF VEGETABLES NOW IN THE MARKET THAT MAY BE USED FOR EASTER SERVICE.

chosen lightly in a bowl, and sprinkle a little coconut on top. Boil together four ounces of loaf-sugar and a gill of water until they form a syrup, and allow this to cool before pouring it over the fruit. A charming way of serving a fruit salad is seen in our upper illustration. A pineapple is scooped out in the middle (the scooped-out part may be used with the salad), and into the cavity is piled the salad, and the syrup is poured over it.

A great help in the making of fruit salads is the new grape fruit known as "Round Robin," which is finding a ready market in Great Britain to-day. In buying this brand of fruit purchasers may be sure of obtaining at all seasons of the year grape-fruit of the highest flavour and quality, and are enabled to order by name without the trouble of personal selection. The idea behind this plan is encouraging to the growers of Empire fruit, as it enables them to market their best fruit, as their various groves mature, under the brand of "Round Robin." This grape-fruit is grown, collected, and sorted by experts, and packed exclusively for Great Britain, with the name branded on the skin of each. Thus, from November to May, "Round Robin" comes from the picked groves of Florida, and when the Florida season is dead, from May to November, the supply will come mainly from South Africa. Growers from any part of the Empire are being invited to participate in this scheme, which thus becomes one of national importance.



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the drink for every  
kind of thirst



## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

### "INTERNATIONAL CARS"—THE DARRACQ.

A SHORT time ago, when reporting on the design and behaviour of the latest Citroën six-cylinder car, I discussed the question of the nationality of cars, or, rather, the lack of it, as it will develop in the not very distant future. English firms are building their cars on the Continent and in America, and American and French and Italian cars are being either built or assembled over here with such apparent promise of success that it seems probable that within not many years there will be a definite class of internationals on every market. These will probably be left with only the nationality of their original designer as an indication of their birth. From the point of view of the buyer who does not want any special make, this should be all to the good, as each factory of any given type of car will be able to turn out its version of the original with such special modifications as are called for in the country in which it will be sold.

#### The Two-Litre Darracq.

Since I made these surmises I have tried another type of car which might perhaps be called international or bi-national. This is the Darracq, a car which comes from one of the oldest factories in the world. More than twenty-

needs. In several ways difficult to define it seems to be more British than French. The car I was sent to try was the two-litre six-cylinder 16-h.p., which costs, with a fabric saloon, £625. The engine

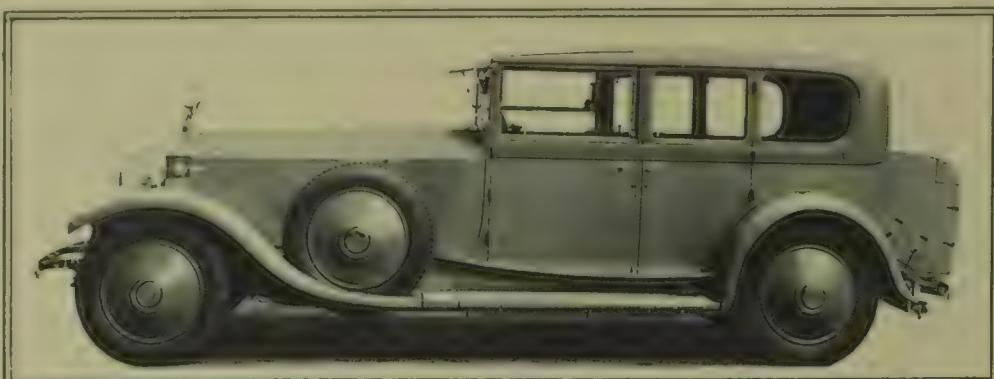
probably a considerable degree of neglect. It is remarkably well sprung, so much so that it can be driven with real brutality over broken surface without the occupants of the car being much wiser. I

do not think it is what would be considered a very fast car in these days of startling maximum speeds, but I should say that the average driver could always be certain of easily reaching and maintaining sixty miles an hour for as long as he liked. The engine is thoroughly willing. About forty miles an hour proved to be a really comfortable cruising speed, and, with that excellent suspension, it should be a matter of no difficulty at all to keep up unusually high averages.

Good Gear-Change, Brakes, and Steering.

The gear-change differs a little from the majority

of its fellows, in that the lever and that the clutch takes up rather deliberately. This does not, however, militate against easy and noiseless changes, and as soon as



THE VERY LATEST IN HIGH-CLASS COACHWORK: A "BARKER" PULLMAN LIMOUSINE DE VILLE ON A 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE "NEW PHANTOM" CHASSIS.

This car was recently built for the use of the Managing Director of Messrs. Barker and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., during his tour in France. The photograph shows the patent *de Ville* extension over the driving seat rolled back.

has overhead valves operated by push-rod and rockers, and a bore and stroke of 67 by 94.5. There is nothing unorthodox about its design, but it is a thoroughly straightforward job neatly laid out and accessibly arranged. Shields bridging the gap between the upper part of the crank-case and the top edge of the frame protect the distributor and the carburettor, from wet, and, incidentally, add a good deal to the appearance of the engine. The starter and dynamo are in a single unit in the form of a dynamotor driven off the forward end of the crank-shaft, an arrangement which produces absolutely noiseless starting up. This is not an uncommon system in light engines, but is less often seen in cars of any considerable power. Another interesting point is that the pistons are made half of aluminium and half of cast iron.

**Low Gear and Big Tyres.** The four-speed gear-box has right-hand change, I am glad to say. I was rather surprised to find that the gear ratio throughout is unusually low, top speed being 5.7 to 1; third, 9.35 to 1; second, 12.8 to 1; and first, 21.3 to 1. It is significant of the increasing smoothness of running of modern six-cylinder engines that gear ratios tend yearly to become lower without spoiling the manners of those engines. Another commendable feature is the size of the tyres, which are 32 by 6 inches.

**A Solid Job.** What impressed me most about the Darracq on the road was the steadiness of its running and its obvious sturdiness of construction. It felt like a car which could be depended upon to give faithful service under really arduous conditions, and

has a long travel rather deliberately. This does not, however, militate against easy and noiseless changes, and as soon as



MOTRING ON A BEAUTIFUL ROAD IN LAKELAND: A 25-H.P. SUNBEAM AMONG THE FAMOUS BIRCHES OF BORROWDALE.

Here road and river wind round the depth of Borrowdale. Recent road-widening improvements have not impaired seriously the beauty of the Borrowdale Birches, shown in the photograph.

its idiosyncrasies become familiar the driver is perfectly comfortable with it. Another point I liked very much was the feel of the steering at high speeds. The Darracq is a large car for its two-litre class, the bodywork being particularly roomy and comfortable. In fact, I can only remember one car of this power which possesses such ample accommodation, and that one is of a rather special type with more of a sports performance.

I have nothing of any moment to criticise in this new Darracq. I cannot comment on the action of the brakes, because both sets, the four-wheel and the hand-brake, were badly in need of adjustment. Even so, the four-wheel outfit was well up to its work, and I have an idea that, when it is in proper condition, it should be rather unusually good. Taking it as a whole, I should class this Darracq as a thoroughly sound, hard-working car.



WAITING FOR "THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL"? MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH WITH HIS NEW CENTURY HUPMOBILE LIMOUSINE.

Mr. George Grossmith is playing a leading part in "The Five o'Clock Girl," the new musical comedy produced on March 21 at the London Hippodrome.

**Humber Prices.** Messrs. Humber, Ltd., inform me that the revised price of the 20/65-h.p. six-cylinder saloon, which I described the week before last, is £750.

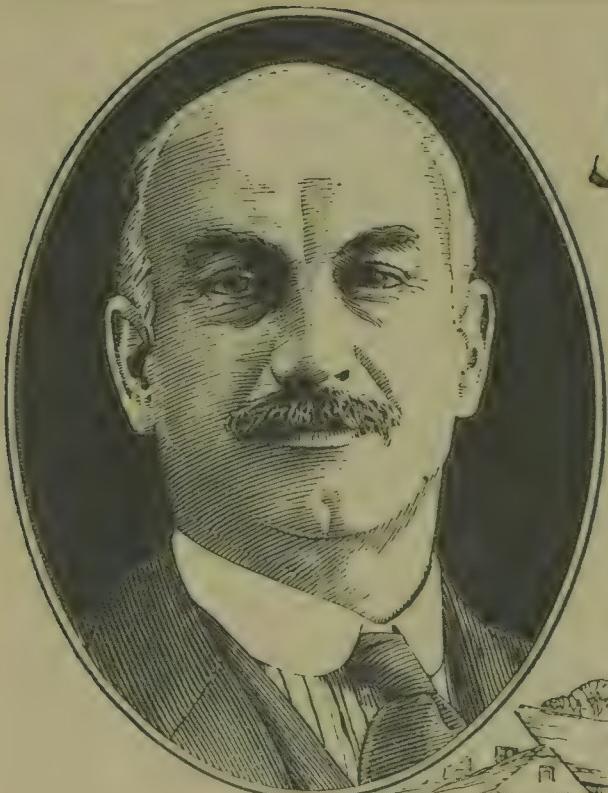
OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE 16-H.P. DARRACQ—A ROADSIDE HALT IN A WOODLAND SETTING.

five years ago the Darracq was one of the few really successful light-weight, moderate-powered, efficient motor-cars made. It had its faults in plenty, as had nearly every motor-car in those days, but, whatever they were, old-timers will always remember the Darracq as one of the first cars sold at a moderate price to boast of real liveliness. For many years it remained an entirely French production, but just before the war Mr. Owen Clegg, the designer of the Rover cars of that date (also one of the most successful of the moderate-priced family cars), who had previously been responsible for Wolseleys, took over the job of designing the new Darracqs, and is still doing it. The car, therefore, although built in France, is the product of English ingenuity. Would you say that it was French or English?

**French-Built—** The question to some may for England. be made more difficult to answer because the Darracq is called the Talbot in France and the Darracq in England. Whatever the answer may be, the car as a whole strikes one as being designed with a particular eye to English

# Sir Herbert Austin K.B.E.

and the  
16 h.p. Burnham  
SALOON

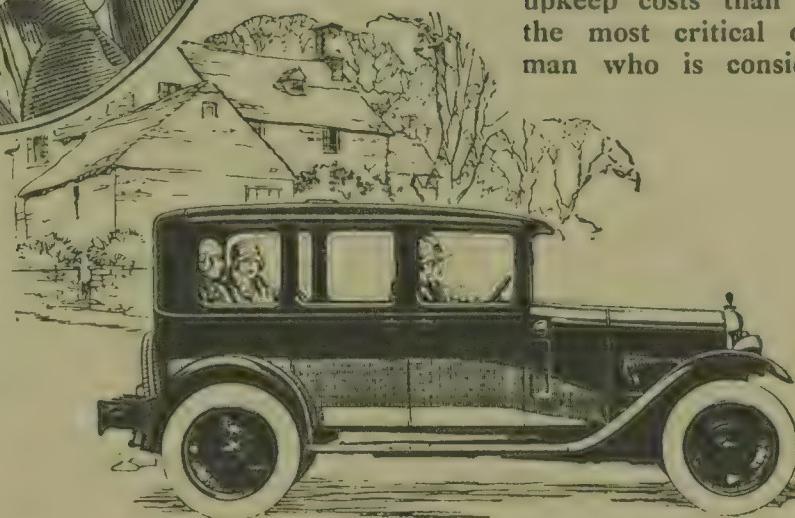


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## CHARITY AT EASTER.

THERE are two periods of the year at which those hardworked and overburdened institutions which foster the cause of charity may lay particular claim to the attention of our readers—Christmas and Easter. It is the privilege of this paper to introduce briefly one or two deserving causes to which an Easter offering, however small, would be most welcome.

"No destitute child ever refused admission." This is the proud slogan of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, which has received 106,000 children. The activities of this organisation cover a multitude of costly items in the care and support of destitute little folk. Crippled children and children under training form a heavy drain on its resources, and, when one realises that 24,000 meals have to be provided every day, the magnitude of the task is apparent. Gifts from our readers should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

A very practical and useful work is being performed by the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship. This institution has as its object the training of young boys and girls in definite trades. The secretary, writing from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2, tells us that a boy can be kept and trained in one of the Homes for one year for £40, or in the training ship *Arethusa* for £75; while £36 will provide a year's home for a girl. Donations should be sent to the Secretary.

Our third appeal, again on behalf of the children, is for that fine organisation, the N.S.P.C.C. For £5 it is possible to hold out a helping hand to five little ones whose lives are being spent in misery and squalor. An Easter gift to assist in the ceaseless struggle waged by the N.S.P.C.C. would be most warmly appreciated. About 300 fresh cases of urgent need are brought to the Society's notice daily, and Mr. William J. Elliott, working at the headquarters at Victory House, Leicester Square, has asked us to mention this address for the charitable attention of our readers.

## CHESS.

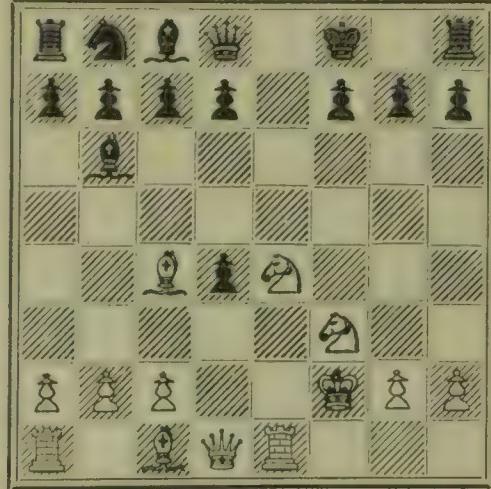
CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 4039 received from Geo. Parbury (Singapore); of No. 4040 from J H E Jarvis (Pukehou, N.Z.); of No. 4042 from Geo. Parbury (Singapore); and of No. 4043 from J W Smedley (Brooklyn). Of GAME PROBLEM NO. XIX. from J W Smedley (Brooklyn) and A G Z (New York); of GAME PROBLEM NO. XX. from A Edmiston (Llandudno) and R S (Melrose).

### GAME PROBLEM NO. XXI.

BLACK (15 pieces).



WHITE (13 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation : r8bq1k1r; pppppppp; 1b6; 8; 2BpS3; 5S2; PPP2KPP; RrBQR3.]

A wit once defined a Gambit as a manœuvre by which a player sacrificed a piece in order to obtain a lost game, and in the position in the diagram, Black has, in eight moves, given a demonstration of the epigram. The game was continued—

9. QO3!! PQ4  
10. QR3ch KKtsq  
11. BxP QxB

and White mated in four moves. The process is pretty, if not very difficult, and interested readers are invited to send moves 12, 13, 14, and 15.

SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM NO. XIX.—(MOLLER).  
[4r2k; pppPrpp; 8; 2q3P1; 3Rp2P; 1P4Q1; P1P5; R4RK1—White to play and win.]

White played QxP1, and if Black endeavours to save his Queen, RB8ch is fatal. We hope we shall think of moves like that if we reach Mr. Moller's age.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M RUSSELL.—You should buy an elementary work on problem construction. You say it is a pity your "problem" has no variations; we think it a greater pity that it has no solution, the key being defeated by RR7. All positions submitted should be diagrammed.

MRS. SCOTT (Knightsbridge) and DAVID HAMBLETON (Newton, Mass.) have been answered through the post.

### CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS.

Sir George Thomas is once again champion of the City of London Chess Club. Congratulations! Mr. W. Gibson and Mr. J. A. McKee, winners of the West of Scotland and Glasgow championships, once again proved themselves the strongest players north of the Tweed, though Mr. J. Gilchrist and Mr. Carrick Wardhaugh kicked some of the leather off the heels of the victors.

Some good practice is probably all our players will get out of the Ramsgate contest with the Continental experts, but no doubt some "brilliances" will be exploded by the masters.

In the auditorium of the new Bournemouth Pavilion, opened last week, the whole of the carpets, curtains, and seating were carried out by Hampton and Sons, Ltd., the seats being Hampton's patent "St. George" theatre chair. The carpets were specially designed in colourings of old gold and blue. The colour scheme of the magnificent tea-room, which seats 500 people, is mauve, shaded from dark to light, with yellow curtains and vivid green pelmets. Hamptons also completely furnished the "Lucullus" dining-room, and the East lounge. The proscenium curtain is a novel treatment in bright autumn colourings, the feature of which is a suggestion of flames embroidered in yellow on copper ground.

With the approach of summer and with the growing appreciation of the parts played by sunlight, and the open air, in health-building, Messrs. Boulton and Paul's newest illustrated book of garden shelters makes interesting reading. Some of these shelters are fitted with revolving mechanism, and can be turned into outdoor breakfast rooms, play-rooms, studies, baby shelters, or sun lounges. The garden house can be fitted with "Vita Glass" and may be regarded as a lung of the house. This illustrated book is obtainable at any time from Messrs. Boulton and Paul, Ltd., of Norwich.

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Cheques, etc., payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 92, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

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£40 will give a Boy a Year's Home and Training.

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Please send AN EASTER GIFT NOW to WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT, Director, NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

## WEST END HOSPITAL FOR NERVOUS DISEASES.

\*

### SPECIAL EASTER APPEAL

### FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED

\*

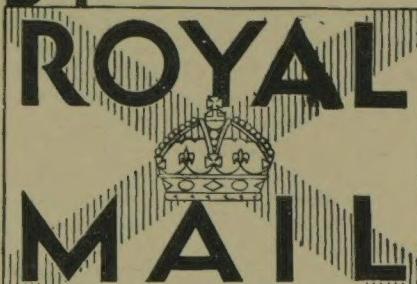
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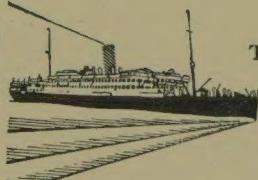
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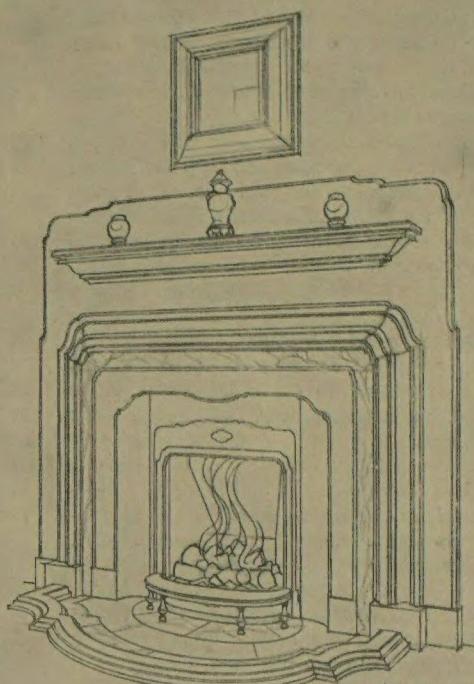


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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "LOVE LIES." AT THE GAIETY.

MR. LADDIE CLIFF and Mr. Stanley Lupino may shake hands with each other over a success in "Love Lies," the new Gaiety musical comedy; between them they have managed to provide a very lively entertainment and may divide the credit. Mr. Cliff "presents" Mr. Lupino, to be sure; but then Mr. Lupino, besides being "star" comedian of the show, is also part-author of the libretto, and has written the music of one of its most telling songs. And Mr. Cliff, if nominally Mr. Lupino's manager, plays second fiddle to him most loyally on the stage. Theirs is a happy contrast of styles. Mr. Lupino, with his gifts of improvisation and parody, his humorous handling of Cockney character, his capacity for getting quickly on good terms with his audience, is all mercurial energy; while Mr. Cliff's methods of fun are more quiet and half-embarrassed, but make just the right foil. They are both well served, and both figure in numbers which should take the town. "Run Away, Girl," a rollicking turn in which Mr. Cliff has the help of a sprightly actress, Miss Connie Emerald, instantly won first-night favour; but hardly less popular were song-and-dance turns of Miss Madge Elliott and Mr. Cyril Ritchard, and the general work of a spirited chorus.

## "THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL." AT THE HIPPODROME.

There is a wealth of talent engaged for the Hippodrome's latest musical comedy, "The Five o'Clock Girl." But at present there is not enough material for its adequate exploitation. Here is Mr. George Grossmith showing no less vivacity and hardly less youthfulness than when, years ago, he was really Junior at the Gaiety; but he has had better parts than that of a valet wearing his master's discarded clothes, which is his *métier* in this show. Here is Mr. Ernest Truex cast for the rôle of a rich bachelor, and acting, when permitted, with great delicacy and charm. Here is Miss Hermione Baddeley giving at odd moments one more of her Cockney studies as a little Mayfair milliner. And here, also, is Miss Ursula Jeans, condemned to assume the thankless character of a woman who clings like a limpet to the hero. These we know and like, but a newcomer we are going to like greatly is Miss Jean Colin, who, taking the place intended for June, reveals a pretty

voice, an appealing manner and a neat gift for dancing; she and Mr. Truex between them have the three most telling numbers. But, though these turns are good and the dances of the Adams Sisters furnish brilliant interludes, it cannot be said that this piece is without its *longueurs*, or grants its artists the scope they deserve. Its most admirable features are its scenic effects, designed by Mr. Laurence Irving, and its costumes, which are worthy of the settings. The best melody in the score owes a considerable debt to Mendelssohn.

## "THE CIRCLE OF CHALK." AT THE NEW.

How heavily a producer can handicap a play may be seen just now at the New, where Mr. Basil Dean once more overloads a good story with cumbersome stage effects and "business." An appealing Chinese fable lies at the back of "The Circle of Chalk." It tells how a poor girl is sold by her mother into a life of shame, and meets at the start of her sad career a Prince Charming not wealthy enough to buy her freedom. Instead she is sold to a mandarin, whose faithless first wife poisons her husband, accuses the heroine of the crime, manages by bribery of judge and witnesses to secure her conviction, and even robs her of her baby child. See her then dragged, a halter round her neck, with her rebel brother in like case, to the Court of the new Emperor. But, oh joy! this Son of Heaven is her former Prince Charming, her foes are routed, and the father of her child proves to be the Emperor himself. An ingenuous tale, but at the New it is half-smothered under a sort of burlesque ritual and noisy buffoonery. Mr. Bruce Winston shouts and roars as the judge. Miss Marie Ault squeaks out her evidence as a false witness, and the whole trial scene is turned into grotesque farce. Miss Anna May Wong, of film fame, plays the heroine. The appearance of this Chinese actress is most attractive, her little dance is exquisite, in all her gesticulations and poses there is charm. But, alas! there is no charm in her voice; apart from its Broadway accent, it lacks clearness and rhythm, and is oppressively monotonous. The good diction of Mr. Laurence Olivier and Mr. Frank Cochrane affords relief, as do also interludes of music in the Chinese scale, and Mr. George Curzon gives us, effectively enough, a sort of Chinese variant on his Jingle. But how much more enjoyable the whole thing would be if Mr. Dean would allow the story to emerge more plainly through its load of decoration!

## "THE BERG." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

There is no doubt about it, Mr. Ernest Raymond in "The Berg" has made an intensely moving drama out of the story of the *Titanic*. Though the scene of its acts is confined to the first-class passengers' smoking-room in a liner; though there is little suggestion of outcry or scurry in Mr. Bach's stage arrangements; though the bulk of the talk, in which the philosophic invalid and the padre take so large a share, is carried on in level conversational tones, the air of tragedy hangs over the whole of the action, and as wives refuse to leave husbands and husbands try to save wives, and at the last the curtain is brought down on the Lord's Prayer, it is difficult for any auditor to refrain from the tribute of tears. The one thing doubtful, perhaps, is whether padre and invalid would go on arguing almost to the end in such an atmosphere. Mr. George Ralph and Mr. Godfrey Tearle are excellent in the two parts, and Miss Beatrix Thomson wrings our heartstrings as the young wife who is expecting to become a mother; but there is other good work, and the play all round gets the acting it deserves.

It is not unusual to find annual books of reference—especially personal reference—swelling visibly, like the Fat Boy, from year to year. Seldom, however, does such a volume almost double its bulk in two years, as in the new edition (for 1929) of "Who's Who in Art," edited by Bernard Dolman (The Art Trade Press, Ltd.; £1 1s.), further described as "a series of alphabetically arranged biographies of the leading men and women in the world of art to-day (artists, collectors, critics, and curators)." When the first issue appeared in 1927, we hailed it as filling an obvious gap; but initial ventures of this sort are generally incomplete. Omissions have been rectified to such an extent as to make the volume almost exhaustive within its own scope, and it now contains more than twice the original total of biographies. An important feature is the large increase in the number of collectors included. There are also three new appendices—an obituary; a "Where's Where" of British art associations, clubs, galleries and institutes; and a "Who's Who" among art critics. In its enlarged form, "Who's Who in Art" becomes an indispensable aid to all concerned, especially in view of the approach of a new "Academy."

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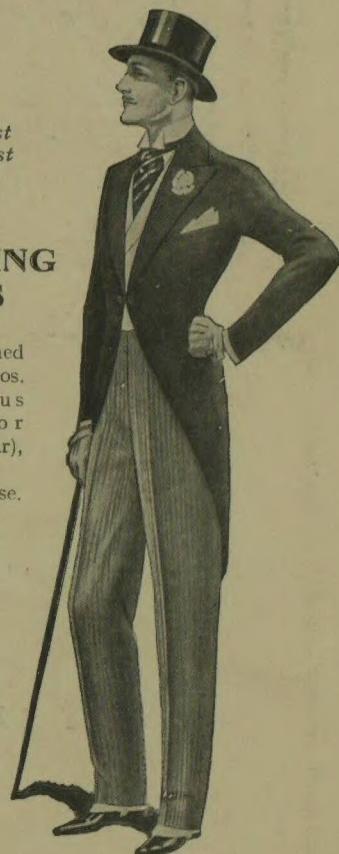
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